Carnival Number of Quebec Daily Telegraph

En Français et Anglais

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To holders of the Return portion of Carnival Excursion Tickets issued by any Canadian or United States Railway.

FROM

Montreal to Ottawa & Return for - $3.50

To holders of the Return portion of Carnival tickets which read through Montreal.

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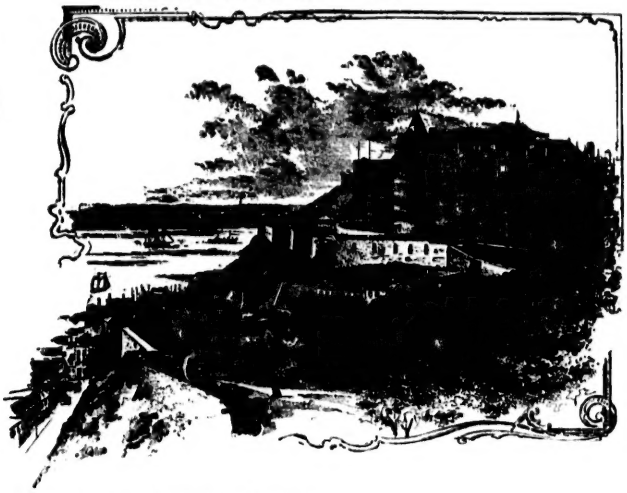

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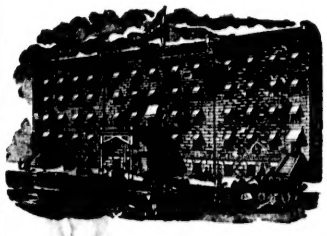

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TELEGRAPH CARNIVAL SUPPLEMENT

Quebec, January, 1894.

Our Carnival Greeting.

TO the strangers within our walls, to the many who, from all points of the compass, have come to honor and encourage our Carnival with their presence, the ancient city of Quebec extends the most cordial welcome. To some of them our climate may seem severe and their surroundings strange and sterne; but the hearts of our people are warm and their hearth fires burn all the brighter, while their hospitality is proverbial, and the visitor is always sure of a kindly reception at their hands. There have been many famous gatherings in old Quebec in its day. War and peace have both contributed their great assemblages to make its name illustrious in story; but none has marked a more important departure, or is likely to leave a more lasting and agreeable impression than the present one. Its object is greater and deeper than mere popular diversion. It aims to dissipate a too prevalent popular fallacy, to bring into closer communion peoples hitherto supposed to be forever sundered by climatic barriers, and generally to promote the cause of friendship and good fellowship by affording them an attractive opportunity of becoming better acquainted with each other. One of the most widespread delusions of the day is that: Canada is a frozen country, that Quebec is situated somewhere near the North Pole, and that its unfortunate inhabitants are buried for more than half the year in snow and ice, only thawing out in the Spring with the bears and the chipmunks. Such of our visitors, as have hitherto shared in this delusion, will now have an occasion to see how erroneous it is and to note how pleasant are the conditions of life in winter even in this high latitude, how bracing is our northern air, and how hardy are the population reared up on its health-giving properties, while, in our sports and amusements, peculiar to the season, they will find much to attract, instruct, and interest them. On the other hand, the commanding position of Quebec and the scenic beauty of its surroundings, even when wrapped in winter's icy fetters, cannot fail to command the admiration of all who look upon them for the first time, while the halo which is thrown around the quaint old place as the seat of the oldest civilization in America, as well as by its historic and eventful past, must inevitably excite their interest and rivet their attention. Indeed, every foot of ground they tread over in the enjoyment of our Carnival has been hallowed by deeds of enterprise, and history speaks in thunder tones from the hoary battlements, battlefields and monuments which surround them in such profu[illegible] rt altogether from this Carnival, Quebec [illegible]s enrolling associations, its past grandeur [illegible]antic history, beautiful scenery, and its [illegible] century aspect must ever be an object [illegible]atest interest to strangers, and that it will [illegible] to our present visitors, is not only our sincere wish, but our firm conviction. At the same time we bid them once more welcome to our old city, hoping that their sojourn in our midst may be a pleasant one, and that they will carry away from Quebec such agreeable memories of the place and its inhabitants that they may be induced to visit us from time to time.

Dur[illegible]al of a case in Louisville, a German witness [illegible] in testifying to what his wife told him. T[illegible]urse, was ruled out by the judge. But the [illegible]ll persisted in repeating, "My vife told me [illegible]tly the judge, unable to contain himself [illegible]l, "Suppose your wife were to tell you the [illegible]d fallen, what would you think?" "Vell, [illegible]s dey vas down."

La Crosse—Son Histoire.

QUELQUES mots sur l'origine de la Crosse, l'amusement favori des Canadiens, auront peut être le privilège de l'apropos en ces jours de gala, où nos vaillants clubs d'athlètes ont à bon droit le haut du pavé.

***

La Grèce avait ses jeux Olympiques ; Rome, ses gladiateurs ; l'Angleterre se gaudissait de ses joûtes d'agilité, de force, même aux temps reculés où Jules César étalaient les aigles romaines, sur les rives de la Tamise ; l'Ecosse a ses *curlers* bruyants, et l'Espagne, ses picadores et ses matadores. Mais il est souvent fort difficile de préciser où, quand, et comment, ont originés ces amusements, ces luttes de force, d'agilité, de savoir-faire, chez les divers peuples et qui leur prêtent un caractère distinctif.

Tel maintenant pratique un jeu moderne ou qu'il croit tel, qui ne fait que ressusciter un délassement quelquefois si antique que sa naissance se perd dans la nuit des temps.

Ainsi, le jeu de Croquet, fort en faveur dans nos campagnes, et remplacé dans les villes par le Tennis, importé d'Angleterre au Canada, il y a quelques décades, n'est rien autre que le célèbre jeu de Mail des anciens Gaulois, qui plus tard le transmirent aux Francs. La France en hérita : les princes et les parlements le patronèrent. Il s'implanta surtout à Montpellier. Ses adeptes, connus comme les Pâle mardiers de Montpellier, étaient en renom dans l'Europe entière et faisaient école. "Ces "maîtres ont des statuts rédigés en "dix-huit articles, tous dit Sudre, "autorisés par sentence de M. le "Sénéchal de Montpellier, du 4 sep-"tembre 1668, et par arrêt du parle-"ment de Toulouse du 28 novembre "de la même année."

Le jeu de Mail fut introduit en Angleterre, à l'époque de la Restauration, par ce *Vire-le-Jour*, Charles II, à son retour de France : la longue avenue qui fait face à la royale résidence, Buckingham Palace, se nomme le Mail ou Mall, d'après le jeu de Mail qui s'y pratiquait aux jours d'autan.

Je possède parmi mes incunables, un curieux recueil des règlements du Mail, imprimés à Montpellier en 1772, intitulé : "*Le Noble Jeu de Mail de Montpellier, par M. Sudre,*" où il est artistement figuré, au moyen de planches - et où l'on parle de "Coups de Croquê" et de "Croquer la Boule"—origine évidente du nom du moderne CROQUET.

***

L'on ne trouve que de fort menus détails sur les rudiments de la Crosse, chez les vieux auteurs. Charlevoix mentionne comme "Jeu [illegible]se" un passe-temps aux allures violentes [illegible]idents de joûte qui il entraînait, usité par les [illegible]s, entre Trois-Rivières et Montréal.

A[illegible]oire, aucun travail sérieux, n'a été fait à C[illegible]r le berceau et les développements de ce d[illegible]t, chéri de notre vigoureuse jeunesse.

(*Continué sur la page 4.*)

JUDGE BELER'S GHOST.

"Not hear of Judge Beler! Well, that's strange, too! I thought every body had heard of him and his ghost. Well," says Steve, "I'll tell you. There is Digby, do you see, as might be there; well, away up there, is Annapolis, as you might say; and there they stand, one at each end of the basin, looking at each other, but just twenty miles off by water, like two folks at each end of a long election table. Well, all up this side of the basin is Clements Township, stretching right away from one town to the other. Well, when the country was first settled after the American rebellion, this Clements was laid out for the Dutch and Germans that served in the war. There was three locations; one on the shore, and that the Long Island Dutch lived on; behind that was another range given to the Waldeck soldiers; and behind that another called the Hessian line, because the Hessians had lands laid off to them there. In those days there were nothing but bridle-roads, because they always rode on horseback when they didn't walk; but they warn't turnpiked up for wheels as they are now into highways. Well, among the Long Island loyalists there was one Judge Beler—at least so they used to call him. He warn't like our supreme judges, regular halter-broke and trained, but a sort of magistrate judge, and in his own country belonging to a kind of sheep-skin court, as folks nicknamed them. Still he was called Judge, and was a man well-to-do in the world, and well-known, and liked all through them settlements, and spoke German like a book, and could crack up all the hard lumps of words like a harrow, into powder, as fine as *a b, ab*. Well he used to be often riding away back into the Hessian line, and spending a few days there. Sometimes they said he was surveying land and laying off lots. At other times they said he went to chat at old Milner's (not old Tom's that's there now, but old Tom's father's), and talk and fight over the battles of the rebellion war; and sometimes they said the Judge—for he warn't by no manner of means up in years—used to go to see Vogler Vroom's daughter, old Mrs. Wagner that was afterwards. Minna Vroom, they say, was a mel fine gall in her day, full of health, and strength, and spirits, as a four-year old colt, and yet a great housekeeper too.

Her father, by all accounts, was phguy well off, and as she was an only child, if the judge's mouth watered when he looked on Minna, and thought of the beautiful rolls of yarn and homespun, and fat hams, and smoked beef, that were hanging about so tempting, not to speak of the yellow and white shiners tied up in the long stockings in the big chests—why, it ain't to be wondered at, that's all. Maybe he did, and maybe he didn't, but most likely he went like other folks on his own business, whatever it was, whenever he liked and whenever he pleased, and gave no account and axed no leave. Well, oncet he went, and, faith, he never returned again. It was in the forepart of winter 1786, as I have heard tell. Folks down to the shore thought the judge was paying a long visit, and wondered he didn't come back; and people on the Hessian line road thought it was a long time since he had gone home, and wondered he didn't come to see them again. At last it was as clear as mud he was missing. Some thought he had got lost in the woods, others thought he had got scalped and killed by the Indians, and some reckoned he had got a cold shoulder from Minna Vroom, and that he had taken it so much to heart he had left the country; and nobody knew any thing for sartain.

"Well, days and weeks passed on and passed on, and no tidings was ever heard of him, and at last folks gave over talking of him, and he was sort of forgot and out of mind. For Time, like the big roller of the Agricultural Society, as it rolls on, fetches all things to a level, or presses them into the earth out of sight, so that they don't attract attention no more. And queer sort of farmers books make too: first they plough up land to make it loose and light, and then they roll it as hard as ever and undo all they have done, and that they call science; and it may be science, but it ain't common sense, and don't stand to reason. But that's neither here nor there, and, as I was a-saying, one day the next spring, just as the lakes had opened, Frederic Crowse was ranging about the woods for a stick to make oxbows of, when who should he see in the middle of the great lake near the Hessian road but Judge Beler, seated as quiet and as natural on his horse as life! There was a little wind at the time, and a ripple on the water, and the judge was riding with his head towards home, and his horse making a slow motion like a canter, but not advancing forward a bit. At first he thought he was swimming the lake, for that would make a very short cut for him, and he stood awhile and st[illegible]n; but seein' that he didn't go ahead, he ca[illegible] him as loud as he could call.

"'Judge!' said he; but the j[illegible]nt look round.

"'Squire!' said he; but the squire did'nt speak.

"'Mr. Beler!' said he; but Mr. Beler didn't answer, but just went on rising and bending to every wave like a bow of the body, but still remaining in one spot.

"'Good gracious!' says Fred to himself; 'the water is so shocking cold at this season of the year it has almost chilled him to death. What onder the sun shall I do!'

"Well away he went as hard as he could run for his life, and alarmed all the neighbors, and down they came, with axes, and ropes, and tools, and what not, and made a raft, and put off into the lake to help him. The sun was just then setting as they shoved out from the shore, and when they got about half way to him they saw that his eyes were gone, and his face was all swelled, and his flesh was bleached, and bloated, and slimy, and that he looked awful bad: and they were dreadfully frightened.

"Well, they were skeered to go up to him, and they stopped awed like, and gazed and gazed without saying a word; and when they give over rowing, the judge and his horse gradually settled down, slowly—slowly—slowly, until nothin' but his head was above water, and then he remained a minute or two longer, as if he didn't like to leave his old friends for ever and ever, and down he went altogether, and sunk to the bottom.

"It would have been no more than decent and neighborly, perhaps, to have fished him up and given him Christian burial. But I won't say fished him up, neither; for, poor man, he was passed that, I guess, unless they had baited their hook with Minna Vroom, and that would have made him jump out of the water like a salmon, I do suppose, for folks that are neglected that way by all the world, except by frogs and pollywogs, are oneasy, and walk, and he has terrified the whole country ever since. The old stock of them that knew him never mentioned him without fear, and some said that they had actually seen him afterwards in that lake, (which now goes by the name, and I suppose always will, of Beler's Lake). Well, the next generation, though they began to frighten children, by telling them they would send for the Judge if they behaved bad, soon gave over that sort of idle talk, and said there was no doubt he was up and stirring sometimes. Many people declared that they had heard him in the winter time muttering under the ice in some unknown tongue, for the German language had long since gone out in those parts. I know my father said he oneed see'd him gallop like mad on his old black mare across that lake in a snow squall, and sink through the ice with a report like a cannon. And old Dr. Boehme said, he had known strange noises there quite near, and when he'd stop to listen, he would hear the same at the other end of the lake, as if he was trying to get through; and then he would hear him strike the bottom of the ice with his fist such a blow that it seemed as if it would crack it clear across, though it was three feet thick.

"Well, I never met that man yet that I was afraid of; and as for ghosts, I never see one in all my born days, and didn't believe there was any, and therefore couldn't tell whether I was skeered or not. Still, somehow or another, it was a melancholy, dismal place, for no one would settle near it, and I can't say I much liked going by there alone, for it ain't pleasant to think of spirits and such things in the dark if you have no one to talk to. I won't say neither I haven't heard those noises myself, especially when the lake is a-going to break up in the spring; and I have heard some of those awful reports like thunder in the ice too, but I am not certain I haven't heard the same under other lakes; at all events, though they made me feel kind of serious like, they never skeered me. Well, one night—it was on the 17th of March, I recollect the day, for I was at Pat Doyle's that afternoon at Digby, and he said it was St. Patrick's day, and I drank a considerable some, though not to say I warn't sober neither—when I came to the lake, it was a little after daylight down, just twilight enough to see the road, and much as a bargain too, when I heard this rumbling under the ice, a rolling, moaning, hearse, onnatural kind of sound, and then came one of those cracks that go off like a twelve-pounder.

"'Hallo!' says I to myself, 'the old judge is oneasy to-night; howsumever, I never hurt a hair of his head, and he has no call to me, good or bad; so, dead or alive, I don't fear him.'

"Just then I sartainly did hear a most powerful yell. It went through me like lightning, and seemed to curdle my very blood. O! it was an awful scream, you may depend, and seemed onearthly like, or as if the devil was in the unburied hum[illegible]ve it. I stopped a moment, and all was s[illegible] but the hollow, rumblin' echolike voice un[illegible].

"'What in the world is all th[illegible]o myself; 'as sure as fate Beler's ghost is n[illegible]t down-right reality. There's no mistake, [illegible] my oath I heard that scream of his, and I [illegible]eve, you had better be a-jogging on toward[illegible] you may hear what ain't good for your hearing, and see wh[illegible] ain't good for sore eyes.'

"So I just gave the beast a tap of the whip a[illegible] moved on. Well, as soon as you leave the lake y[illegible] come to a sharp pinch of a hill, and then you go do[illegible] into a steep, heavy-wooded hollow, and then mou[illegible] another smart hill and pass on. This happen[illegible] twenty-five years ago next March, and at that time it was still little more than a bridle-path, and the tre[illegible] lapped across it in places. Now in that hollow tw[illegible] large hemlocks had got canted well over on one side, windfalls like, and were catched by two large spruces on the other; so there was just room to stoop low down on the saddle and squeeze under, and much as ever, too—almost a scrape. Having rid that way in the morning I knew the track, kept to the left, bent forward on the neck of the horse, and went through. Just as I cleverly cleared it, old Beler sprung right on the crupper, seized me round the waist, and yelled just as he did when he got out of the lake, first in one ear and then in the other. O, how the woods rung! His breath was so hot it most scalded me, and the scream cut me through the head like a knife; and then he clasped me so tight round the body, he near about squeezed the wind out of me. If I didn't sing out it's a pity, and the more I hollered the louder he shrieked. I won't pretend for to go for to say that I warn't frightened, because that wou'dn't be true; I was proper y skeered, that's a fact. I expected every minute to be carried off, and plunged into the lake. I didn't know what to do. Human strength I knew was of no avail agin supernateral beings, so I took to prayer.

"'Our Father——,' says I.

"The moment I said that he let go yellin', and seized me by the nape of the neck with his teeth, and bit right through the grizzle. O, it was a powerful nip that! the pain was enough to drive one mad, and I fairly roared like a bull, it hurt me so.

"In the mean time, the horse began to rear and plunge most furiously; for the poor dumb animal knew as well as could be it had a ghost-rider besides its lawful master to carry. At last it kicked so like old Scratch it sent us both flying heels over head, the judge on one side and me on the other of it. I fortunately held on to the rein, and jumped up like winkin', and the horse stood head to him, snorting and blowing like a porpoise. The judge had no hat on; his face was all hairy and sunny; his eyes looked like some wild animal's, and his teeth was the only white-looking thing about him. I hardly got a real good look at him before he rolled himself up into a ball like a porcupine, and shrieked—O, how he shrieked! That's the first, and the last, and the only time I ever seen a ghost. Old Parson Rogers one day axed me all about it.

"'Steve,' says he, 'they tell me you have seen the old judge. I want to hear how it happened. They say you had a hard struggle with him, is that true?'

"'True as gospel,' says I.

"'Were you quite sober, Steve?' said he; 'you know folks sometimes see double on St. Patrick's day.'

"'I not only see him, but felt him too. Look here, where he left the marks of his teeth on me!' and I stripped and showed him the scars.

"'I never heard that ghosts had teeth before, Steve,' said he, '—no never.'

"'Did you ever see one?' says I;

"'No,' says he, 'I never saw one, and never expect to.'

"'How the plague can you tell, then,' says I, 'whether they have teeth or not? But I have seen one, do you mind; and I can swear they have teeth—breath as hot as a tea-kettle, and claws as long and as strong as a bear.'

"'St phen,' said he, 'I didn't think you were so easily frightened.'

Go to Beler's Lake on St. Patrick's night, and if the judge is to king and a stirring under water, undervalue him as I did, and if he don't frighten you into believing what you see and into knowing the difference between a bite and a kiss, then you are a braver man than I take you to be, that's all.'

"'Well, I'll go with or without you, just as you please, if you will first go to Nick Wyand's, and see that Colonel Brown's crazy boy (the one that roasted his brother) is well chained up. It's my opinion that that mischievous maniac broke loose, or slipped out that night, and attacked you. You had a great escape. But as for a ghost, Steve'——

"'Parson,' says I, 'do you believe the Bible?'

"'Yes, 'says he, 'I do.'

"'Well, then,' says I, 'I believe in Judge Beler's ghost. I have seen him, and heard him, and felt him, and have the marks to prove it. You are Parson Rogers, ain't you?'

"'Yes.'

"'[illegible] you are; but how do I know it? Bec[illegible]caus[illegible] you, heard you, and felt you. Well, that[illegible] know the ghost. I tell you I [illegible]ve hear[illegible]d felt Judge Beler's ghost.'"

The Chateau St. Louis.

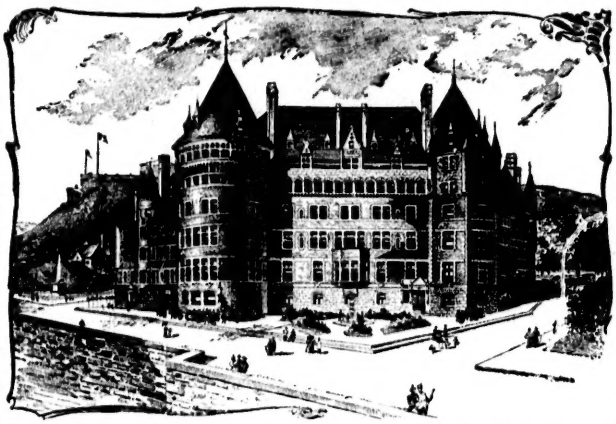
A VISIT to the picturesque and spacious structure that stands near the site of the Chateau St. Louis cannot but arouse the interest of the student of history in the vicissitudes of the buildings which early colonial enterprise grouped within the area of its immediate environment. Within the grounds overshadowed by the present palatial Chateau Frontenac was laid the nucleus of the historic beginnings of Canada, and here on Thursday morning of the 23rd of January, 1834, while the streets were being thronged with artizans and school children on their way home to the mid day meal, the cry was raised that the chateau was on fire; and as the thickening crowds hurried towards the Place d'Armes, the volumes of smoke issuing from the roof of the building showed every one that the alarm was no idle one.

At the date of this catastrophe, the Chateau was being used by the Governor-General, Lord Aylmer, as a place of residence. The houses of parliament were in session at the time, and His Excellency communicated the official tidings of the sad occurrence to the members the morning after the fire. For many years there was nothing to be seen of the Old Chateau but a heap of blackened ruins within the court-yard facing the Place d'Armes, until Lord Durham succeeded in hiding them away under the terrace which for a long time went by his name, and which no doubt suggested to the modern improvement committee the idea of prolonging it as the now famous Dufferin Terrace.

The history of the Chateau may be traced back to the time of Champlain, though as a place of residence built by him within the Fort St. Louis, it did not receive the dignified title of *chateau* until his successor, Governor Montmagny, undertook to improve it and its surroundings. The fort which enclosed the first Chateau St. Louis, however, is not to be confounded with the fort which Champlain began to equip in 1620. The original Fort St. Louis was situated at or near the site of the present Chateau Frontenac, but on the other side of Mountain Street, on the nearer end of the area now occupied by the Grand Battery, adjacent to the vacant site of the old Parliament Building, overlooking Sault-au-Matelot Street. The history of this *petit fort*, as it has been called, is to be readily culled from Champlain's own writings, in which he speaks of it as a *demeure* or a *maison*, commenced by the laborers of the settlement to avoid the dangers of a possible attack of the Indian tribes near by.

"I placed this building," he says, "in an excellent position upon a hill which commanded the passage of the river;" while in another paragraph he tells us that it was his intention to place it in charge of his brother-in-law and eight men, whose duty it would be "to carry provisions, arms, ammunition and other necessary things should the place come to be defended." The first time he speaks of the *petit fort* as the Fort St. Louis is when he gives an account of the cutting out of a winding pathway from the *Habitation* at the water's edge to the rough fortifications on the crown of the hill; while he continues the new name when he informs us that a violent gale blew off the roof of the buildings and carried it more than thirty paces over the ramparts. This accident happened in the spring of 1624, and from that till 1626 little was done to improve the building's condition. The founder at Quebec, when leaving for France in 1624, urged upon the colonists he left behind to do what they could to keep the place in a state of repair; but finding on his return that nothing had been done, he decided to raze it to the ground and to fortify a more commanding site on the other side of the winding pathway from lower town to upper town. This site, he tells us, was immediately over the *Habitation*; and after examining the plans of Fort St. Louis, as it was laid out in later times, there seems to be no room for doubting that the enclosures of Champlain's *petit grand fort* were within the line of Ste. Anne Street towards the south, and that the dwelling-house within the fort, in which he died, was the structure which Governor Montmagny afterwards enlarged or rebuilt, and on which he bestowed for the first time the name Chateau St. Louis.

The date, 1647, inscribed on the "Stone of the Maltese Cross," which has been inserted in the masonry of the main entrance to the Chateau Frontenac, carries us back to the first chapter in the history of the old chateau. There is conclusive evidence that in 1647 *un corps de logis* was erected within the fort, and it is possible that Montmagny, who was a *chevalier de Malte*, may have had this stone engraved with an emblem of his own social distinction, before getting it inserted as a commemorative stone in some wall or other of his mansion or its attachments. The stone itself was found in the *débris* of the fort as the miners were engaged, in 1784, in levelling the court-yard between the Chateau St. Louis proper and Chateau Haldimand, and placed in the wall of the latter building until it was removed to its present position in 1892. In connection with the engraving on the stone, an attempt has been made to locate a house erected by the Order of Malta in Quebec. An old document, as some think, shows that the name Mount Carmel, as applied to the rock which terminates the *cul-de-sac* at the end of Mount Carmel Street at the present day, existed as far back as the seventeenth century, and in the name it is thought there is some commemoration of the Order of Mount Carmel, a branch of the Order of Malta. The theory, however, that such a house existed is a mere surmise. All that we know about the stone is that it was found among the *débris* removed from the court-yard of the Fort St. Louis when the Chateau Haldimand (or, as it has been called, Haldimand Castle) was reaching completion in 1784; and that it is not to be identified as the *foundation stone* of the old chateau. As a corner-stone or key-stone of some archway within the fort, it may safely be taken as commemorating the improvements which Governor Montmagny laid out on the fort and the *corps du logis* of Champlain's day. Whatever its origin, its attempted identification enables us to distinguish clearly between what was the Fort St. Louis and the Chateau St. Louis, as well as between the old chateau of Frontenac's time and the structure removed in 1892 to make way for the present Chateau Frontenac. A study of it makes clearer than ever that the dwelling place of Champlain in the Fort St. Louis was never called the Chateau St. Louis.



The earliest plan extant of the Fort St. Louis indicates how it was enclosed on the city side by those angular outworks that are calculated to resist a siege with advantage. The Chateau is shown on it as having been built on the edge of the precipice, with an enclosed area or terrace in front, like the subsequent buildings that took its place. The entrance to the court-yard, then as later, faced the Place d'Armes. Near its inner gateway there was a large building erected for a guard-house, of which the foundations were lately exposed by the workmen laying the drainage pipes for the Chateau Frontenac; while to the west of the southern bastion there is marked the prison, and on the east a large store-house in which the garrison supplies were kept.

The outer rampart was made of a timber framework filled in with earth, a very great improvement on Champlain's palisades, while within there was a covered way for the protection of the garrison, and without, a dry ditch of considerable width. With the assistance of this early plan and by comparing it with the plan of the more modern fort, the descriptions given of the place by such visitors to the city as La Potherie, Charlevoix and Kalm become interesting and instructive.

La Potherie visited Quebec in 1698, and speaks of the Chateau in these terms:—"It stands on the brink of a vast cliff one hundred and eighty feet high. Its fortifications are irregular, having two bastions on the city side, without any ditch. The house of the Governor-General is one hundred and twenty feet long, in front of which is a terrace of eighty feet which overlooks the lower town and the channel. The edifice is pleasing, both as regards its interior and exterior, on account of the wings which form the building in front and rear. It is two stories high, and there is still wanting a wing of thirty-three feet long. On the side of the house, there is a battery of twenty-two embrasures, partly enclosed in the building and part without, commanding the lower town and the river. At four hundred paces above is Cape Diamond, four hundred and eighty feet high, upon which stands a redoubt which commands the upper town and the adjacent country."

In 1749, Quebec was visited by Professor Kalm of Sweden. "The Palace," he says, "is situated on the west or steepest side of the hill just above the lower town. It is not, properly speaking, a palace, but a large building of stone, two stories high, extending north and south. On the west side of it is a court-yard, surrounded partly with houses. On the east side, is a gallery as long as the whole building, and about two fathoms broad, paved with smooth flags, and included on the outside by iron rails, from whence the city and the river exhibit a charming prospect. The gallery serves as a very agreeable walk after dinner, and those who come to speak with the Governor-General wait here until he is at leisure."

Bouchette's book on the topography of the province, published in 1815, says:—"The Castle of St. Louis is a handsome stone building seated near the edge of the precipice, and supported towards the steep by a solid work of masonry, rising nearly half the height of the edifice and surmounted by a spacious gallery. The whole pile is 162 feet long by 45 feet broad and three stories high. Each extremity is terminated by a small wing, giving to the whole an easy and regular character. The castle was built shortly after the city was fortified with solid works. For a long series of years it had been neglected, so much so as to be suffered to go to decay, and, ceasing to be the residence of the commander-in-chief, was used only for the offices of government until the year 1808, when a resolution passed the provincial parliament for repairing and beautifying it, the sum of one thousand pounds having been voted to start the work. The part properly called the Chateau occupies one side of the square or court-yard. On the opposite side stands an extensive building divided among the government offices, civil and military, that are under the immediate control of the Governor. This last building also contains a handsome suite of apartments, where the balls and other public entertainments of the court are always given. During the dilapidated state of the Chateau, this building was occupied by the governor's family. Both the exterior and interior are in a very plain style. It forms part of the curtain that ran between the two exterior bastions of the old fortress of St. Louis. Adjoining it are several other buildings of smaller size, including a guard-house, stables, and an extensive riding-house. Of these works only a few vestiges remain, except the east rampart, which is kept in solid repair.

FINIS.

Ere the word Finis is written to the Carnival Souvenir a few words of grateful acknowledgment and hearty thanks, without which it would be incomplete, may be given to the kind sympathy and support of the friends who have assisted in the preparation of it. The pictorial part owes its attractions to the photographs supplied by Messrs J. C. Livernois, the official photographs, L. P. Vallée and S. K. Kennedy of Quebec, and Messrs W. Notman, and Summerhayes of Montreal, and to the photographic views lent by Messrs J. E. Vincent and A. W. Patterson, whilst in the literary part, the kindness of Messrs P. Lemay, C. P. Storey, G. R. Fairchild, jr. and Dr. Harper, and Messrs N. Faucher de Saint Maurice, J. M. LeMoine, N. Legendre has furnished valuable and interesting original matter. The club songs have been obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Lavigne, and the Canadian songs by that of Mr. Ernest Gagnon who lent his well-known collection for the purpose. The *Telegraph* hopes that all and each of these will accept its sincere thanks for their assistance.

Un érudit de Montréal, le Dr. W. G. Beers, a édité un beau volume, enjolivé de dessins—où il trace *con amore*, une peinture séduisante, tout un intéressant historique de la Crosse, de ses multiples réglements, de ses avantages au point de vue de l'hygiène—ainsi que de ses joûtes les plus célèbres au Canada, en Angleterre, en Ecosse—où des amateurs du Canada l'avaient intronisé.

Le savant Esculape, se glorifie, à bon droit, croyons-nous, d'avoir, le premier, signalé dans la presse en 1859, le jeu de la Crosse, comme jeu national des Canadiens :

Empruntons lui quelques pages.

"Chez les Hurons de Lorette, dit-il, la Crosse était en grand honneur, au commencement du siècle ; il n'en reste maintenant hélas ! chez eux qu'un obscur souvenir. L'honorable Thomas d'Arcy McGee, avait crû reconnaitre une ressemblance marquée entre notre jeu national et celui de ces compatriotes de la Verte Erin, le Coman ;" la Crosse toutefois aux mains de Pat—ne devait être qu'un pauvre substitut—au *shillalah* national !

Un autre savant en us, prêtait à la Crosse, une origine Phenicienne.

Comme le remarque fort le savant Dr. Beers, c'est aux aborigènes de l'Amérique, que revient l'honneur d'avoir inventé la Crosse—la tobagine et le canot d'écorce, avant même l'ère de Jacques-Cartier.

La Crosse portait un nom différent, chez les diverses tribues. La boule se nommait *Tehontshikakeps* chez les Iroquois, *Baggataway*, chez les Ogiways, etc., etc.

L'on rencontre dans les relations de voyage, du Capt. Basil Hall, de Catlin, de Sir James Stewart, de mon vieil ami Charles Lanman, de palpitantes descriptions de parties de Crosse, chez les Scioux, les Cherokees, les Choctaws—où la férocité indienne trouvait occasion de se manifester ; Catlin est émerveillé, des poses superbes de ces Indiens aux muscles d'acier, aux torses dénudés, rappellant les formes de l'Apollon du Belvedère, toute une étude pour les sculpteurs et les peintres.

Que d'autres intéressants détails n'aurions-nous pas à offrir, à ces vaillants enfants de la Crosse si l'espace nous le permettait !

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UNE INOUBLIABLE PARTIE DE CROSSE.

L'illustre et regretté Francis Parkman, a buriné au Chapitre XVII de la *Conspiration de Pontiac*, sur l'airain de l'histoire, une scène dont l'image ne s'effacera jamais. Nous allons tâcher d'en reproduire un sommaire.

Reportons-nous aux premières années de la domination anglaise. Wolfe, à Québec, Amherst à Montréal, ont réglé définitivement l'avenir du Canada français, délaissé par la Cour de Versailles. Le sang généreux des milices canadiennes, prodigué sur bien des champs de bataille—le dévouement de Montcalm, l'intrépidité de Lévis, à la tête de leurs petites troupes de braves, n'ont servi qu'à prolonger l'agonie d'une colonie désertée aux abois, et qui, certes, méritait de la mère-patrie un meilleur sort.

On était au 4 juin 1763—l'anniversaire de la naissance du roi George III ; l'on se préparait, par une radieuse matinée, a célébrer sa fête avec cet entrain qui caractérise l'amour des fils d'Albion pour leur souverain.

La scène a lieu au fort Michillimakinac—à quelques centaines de milles du Détroit.

La Grande-Bretagne avait eu raison des grands capitaines de la Nouvelle-France ; mais des milliers de Peaux-Rouges, dans les vastes et impénétrables forêts de l'Ouest, défiaient le lion britannique ; à leur tête et leur inspirateur se trouvait un chef d'un génie militaire consommé—d'une énergie sans pareille, d'un astuce vraiement machiavélique—roi pour ainsi dire de dix-huit tribues diverses, le fameux Pontiac.

Trois officiers anglais, le Capitaine Etherington, les lieutenants Leslie et Jamet, à la tête de trente-cinq soldats du 55e et du 80e Régt. de ligne avaient la garde du Fort, qui hébergeait en outre près de 70 personnes, tandis qu'une nuée d'Ogibways et d'Ottawas, avec leurs squaws et leurs papouses, s'était abattue dans les environs. Tous, ils se disaient amis des anglais ; jamais leurs démonstrations d'amitié n'avaient été plus vives que la veille de cette malencontreuse journée ; cependant, le farouche Pontiac avait allumé dans leur cœur sa haîne inextinguible contre tout ce qui rappelait le nom anglais—les nouveaux maîtres du pays.

Les Peaux-Rouges, sous prétexte de contribuer leur part à l'éclat de la solennité, avaient invité la garnison du Fort, à assister à une grande joûte de Crosse contre les Sacs et autres indiens—organisée tout spécialement. Une partie de *baggataway*—devait avoir lieu sur la plaine en face du Fort à dix heures le lendemain matin.

La porte s'ouvrit, et officiers et soldats, la plus part sans armes, accoururent et prirent place par groupes en dehors de la forteresse, inconscients de la trame qui allait sous peu se dévoiler. Le drapeau rouge de St. George flottait à une des tourelles : tous se félicitaient de pouvoir ainsi au sein des bois, à mille lieues de leur patrie, célébrer la fête de leur souverain bien aimé.

Les jouteurs se relançaient la boule ; et la recevaient sur leurs Crosses—la faisant rebondir à travers l'arène, vers l'entrée du fort. Puis, le jeu s'animant, la boule reprenait une toute autre direction, pour rebondir, parmi les hourahs et les cris de joie, des femmes et des enfants. Enfin la boule, alla tomber près d'un piquet de militaires, qui l'acclamèrent. Puis, dans sa course vertigineuse, elle frappa le sol à l'entrée du fort. Les Peaux-Rouges lui donnèrent la chasse, franchissant jusqu'à l'intérieur même de la forteresse, dans les efforts qu'ils firent pour la recueillir. Le terrible cri de guerre retentit, et en un clin d'œil, les sauvages qui jusque là, avaient semblés être désarmés, culbutèrent les sentinelles. Jettant de côté l'inutile Crosse, ils arrachèrent des mains des squaws les casse-têtes et les couteaux que ces dernières avaient tenues cachés sous leurs habits. Une horrible boucherie eut lieu ; un massacre général dans et autour du fort. Le lieutenant Jamet fut égorgé, avec les soldats, et avec les autres habitants du fort—le Capitaine Etherington, le Lieut. Leslie et onze soldats, faits prisonnier, après des souffrances inouïes et prolongées, furent reclamés par une tribue qui n'était pas présente pour prendre part du massacre général ; ils arrivèrent à Montréal plus morts que vifs, le 12 août 1763—cinq semaines après la grande boucherie. L'on sait le sort tragique du sanguinaire Pontiac, l'organisâteur du massacre.

J. M. LeMoine,
M. S. R. C.

THEN AND NOW.—A WELCOME.

Rage the ocean, clouds betray,
Surge the seas within the bay :
The tiling silt, the churning crust
In time, at nature's bidding must
The flocking fields renew.
Tidal tempests rush and roar,
Fret the shallows round the shore,
Frown the forests green and hoar :
Men must up and men must do ;
Their pains restore,
Amid the strife of what is life,
The old that cometh new.

What time the pomp of courts, a rival light,
Obscured the *fleur-de-lis* and hardihood,
Its pristine bloom, the gift of chivalry,
Was wafted here, a seeming ocean waif :
The pioneer's welcome then was bitter-sweet,
As brought he hope and progress-seeds to plant
Afield a wildering western continent.
Yet now, the harvest near, the fruit of toils
Enduring ripens ours, to celebrate
A fate matured, a nation progress-sown.

And Champlain's city, proud of battlement
And wall, deep-mouthed and fierce of brow, uplifts
Her milder voice and seeks to doff her frown.
Her citadel, with empire-flag for crest,
Bespeaks the war-stained lore of centuries near,
Writ golden on the fringe of nature's smile.
Cape Diamond, erst Jacques Cartier's goal
And wonder, booms no shrinking welcome now :
The laughter of its volleying mirth re-peals
A crescent-burst beyond St. Charles's Plain ;
And, as it seeks retreat within the drowsy glades,
The wimpling wavelets touch, historic-tuned,
The chords that trill for us a tale of eld.

The hum of life and overgrowth hath claim
Where woodland wonderment first heard the din
Of herald-salvo from St. Malo's ships.
And nearer scenes, within the mist of days,
Give but a glimpse of bygone lingering woe.
The explorer's task, a ripple of romance—
The pioneer's pains, a seeming luckless toil,
Find echo still, though far away to those
Who deem the instant hour their ecstasy—
Find echo still a fame that hovers round
Perchance to flush the cheer of Champlain's soul
That sees an empire-growth upon his grave.
'Twas his and theirs, despite the after-arts
Of feudal-tempered rule, to sow a fate
Florescent now : 'twas theirs to sow their best ;
And now, where crooned the nomad o'er his ills,
In thousands men have sweet domestic peace :
Beyond and near these bastion-bursts of mirth,
The moiling millions, faithful to their trust,
Begin to prize the patriot's recompense,
And sing aloud the freedom-songs of peace.

These narrow streets their teeming tales unfold
Of primal times, when unkempt nature thought
To keep her claim, the birthright of the woods,—
Of feudal days, when outer strife prolonged
Arrayed its rivalry on battlefield
Near by, to wrestle for the gains of industry,
Where elm and maple once embowered the trail
Of stalking foe, these pavement threads be-called
Bespeak the zeal that dared the rock-grained soil,
To wand a place whereon to build a home,
Or consecrate its acres unto God.
Their very names commemorate the faith
Of Christian calendar, or token else
The deeds of man that sanctify their pride
Of what their land, matured a nation, boasts.

A thousand ages—a light within our light—
Reveal in them the silver-dust of fame.
The glimpses of an outer beauty shine,
Like hope around the corner of a task,
To guide our footsteps lingering near the scenes
Of triumph or defeat. In cul-de-sac
Or thoroughfare, the very stones reflect
Some mosaic of events : within them flows
The tide of peaceful life, and yet the ebb
Of other days still ripples in its calm—
To sing of changing arms or military parade,
To chant the martial song of valiant men
Impatient to possess, or moan a dirge
Of dire retreat that knocks at every gate.

And other echoes whisper civic strife,
Of law usurped by faction or romance,—
Ambition's wiles or yet the rivalry of love
Disturbing peace to gratify the hour.
Beneath the archways, frowning as in war,
The footfalls of processions dead are heard
Within the sounds of living feet. The lanes
A requiem soft repeat of shouts of joy,—
Till seeking respite from the subtle sheen
That floats around the old cathedral's walls—
That lurks within some palace court, rebuilt
A merchant's home, we find the freer height
Of bastion-keep or battlement, and these,
Enraptured with the scope of hill and dale,
Behold St. Lawrence as a jewel set.

Sing the river, laugh the lake,
Dance the cataract, roar and break
The seething shingle into dust :
In time, its circling siftings must
Old channels rectify.
Sleep the fortress, frown in vain,
Hum the hamlets o'er the plain,
Ring the chimes a sweet refrain.
Men must droop and men must die ;
Their lives remain,
Amid the strife of what is life,
The soul-drift of eternity.—Dr. J. M. Harper.

EMERALD SNOW SHOE CLUB SONG.

We go forth in our suits of fawn
With *tuque* and sash of green,
As brave a band of brothers true
As Canada has seen ;
Tho' keen may blow the wintry wind
And darkly frown the skies,
We swiftly tramp upon our way,
The Emerald's merry boys.

CHORUS ;

March, march, on we march together, boys,
Marching o'er the drifting snow,
March, march, fearing not the weather, boys,
But marching on as comrades ought to go,
March, march o'er the sparkling surface, boys,
With hearts so warm, and spirits blithe and gay,
The Emerald's merry boys,
On the Snow Shoes that they prize,
As brothers true, so joyous, march away, march away.

The sailor boy may love his ship
That doth its white wings spread,
The soldier lad go forth to fight
With martial, gallant tread ;
But we delight to tramp along
Where deep the snow-drift lies,
With lightsome heart and ruddy cheek,
The Emerald's merry boys.—*Chorus.*

What care we for the Storm-King's frown
Or for Old Winter's blast !
Our snow shoes bear us on our way
The City long since past.
The earth's white crest like diamond shines
Where soft the moonbeam lies
Bound for our cozy *Rendez-vous*,
The Emerald's merry boys.—*Chorus.*

Then let us all right merrily
Pass each way farer by,
It matters not which road we take
Saint-Louis or Saint-Foye ;
Acros the Plains with happy stride
Our voices ring with joy
Singing our jovial snow shoe song,
Each merry Emerald boy.—*Chorus*

LE BAL CHEZ BOULÉ.

Dimanche après les vêpr's, yaura bal chez Boulé ;
Mais il n'ira personn' que ceux qui sav'nt danser,
Vogue, marinier, vogue,
Vogue, beau marinier.

Mais il n'ira personn' que ceux qui sav'nt danser,
José Blais, comm' les autr's, voulut itou yaller.
Vogue &c.

José Blais, comm' les autr's, voulut itou yaller,
Non, lui dit sa maitresse, t'iras quand l'train s'ra fé.
Vogue &c.

Non, lui dit sa maîtresse, t'iras quand l train s'ra fé,
Il s en fut à l'établ' ses animaux soigner.
Vogue &c.

Il s'en fut à l'établ' ses animaux soigner
Prit Barett' par la corne, et Rougett' par le pied.
Vogue &c.

Prit Barrett' par la corne, et Rougett' par le pied ;
Il saute à l'écuri' pour les chevaux gratter.
Vogue &c.

Il saute à l'écuri' pour les chevaux gratter ;
Se sauve à la maison quand ils fur'nt étrillés.
Vogue &c.

Se sauve à la maison quand ils fur'nt étrillés ;
Mit sa belle veste rouge, et son capot barré.
Vogue &c.

Mit sa belle veste rouge, et son capot barré ;
Mit son beau fichu noir, et ses souliers francés.
Vogue &c.

Mit son beau fichu noir et ses souliers francés ;
S'en va chercher Lisett' quand il fut ben greyé.
Vogue &c.

S'en va chercher Lisett' quand il fut ben greyé ;
On le mit à la port' pour apprendre à danser.
Vogue &c.

On le mit à la port' pour apprendre à danser,
Mais on garda Lisett', qui s'est ben consolée.
Vogue, marinier, vogue,
Vogue, beau marinier.

Chansons populaires du Canada, par Ernest Gagnon, M.A.M.Q.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

ELZEAR Alexander Taschereau, Cardinal, and Archbishop of Quebec, was born February 17, 1820, at Ste. Marie de la Beauce. His father was Jean Thomas Taschereau, judge of the King's Bench, who died in 1832, and his mother Marie, daughter of Hon. Jean Antoine Panet, Speaker of the first Legislative Assembly of Canada. This lady, esteemed and respected by all, died in 1866. The family has always occupied a high position in the province, and is descended from Thomas Jacques Taschereau who came from Touraine early in the 16th century. Cardinal Taschereau was consecrated Archbishop of Quebec March 19, 1871, and on his visit to Rome in 1887 was presented with the Cardinal's hat, being the first Canadian to receive that high honour. He is held in high esteem by both Catholics and Protestants, and more especially by the Irish Canadians, to whom he is endeared by his noble conduct in 1847. In that year a malignant fever broke out among the emigrants held in quarantine at Grosse Isle, and the mortality was very great. These were mainly Irish Roman Catholics whom poverty and famine had driven from their country, and who had been so enfeebled by starvation before leaving that they fell easy victims to the ship fever then prevalent, which carried them off in a few hours. "The greater part of the island" says Mr. G. A. Rose, "was for a time little better than a mass of loathsomeness and pestilence, and the heroism that would enable a man to face such a state of things is much more praiseworthy than is the courage required to enable him to walk up to the mouth of a cannon. Father Taschereau felt the call of duty, and volunteered his services to assist the Revd. Father Moylan, who was then chaplain at Grosse Isle, to minister to the spiritual necessities of the victims of the fever. His offer was thankfully accepted, and he landed on the island where he remained until he himself was stricken down by the scourge, and brought literally to death's door." The martyr's spirit, and the christian's love and self sacrifice are as strikingly shown in this little episode, as are the fidelity to duty of the priest, and the energy and courage of the man.

DANS LES CHANTIERS NOUS HIVERNERONS.

Voici l'hiver arrivé,
Les rivières sont gelées ;
C'est le temps d'aller aux bois
Manger du lard et des pois.

Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!

Pauv' voyageur que t'as d'la misère!
Souvent tu couches par terre ;
A la pluie, au mauvais temps,
A la rigueur de tous les temps,

Quand tu arriv' à Québec
Souvent tu fais un gros bec,
Tu vas trouver ton bourgeois
Qu'est là assis à son comptoi'.

Je voudrais être payé
Pour le temps que j'ai donné.
Quand l'bourgeois est en banqueroute
Il te renvoi' manger des croûtes.

Quand tu retourn' chez ton père,
Aussi pour revoir ta mère,
Le bonhomme est à la porte,
La bonn'femme fait la gargotte.

Ah! bonjour donc mon cher enfant!
Nous apport'tu ben d'l'argent ?
Que l'diable emport'les chantiers!
Jamais d'ma vie j'y retournerai!

Dans les chantiers, ah! n'hivernons plus!
Dans les chantiers, ah! n'hivernons plus!

Monsieur Dufroc, c'est un bon bourgeois,
Mais il n'nous donn' pas grand monnaie.
On travail' ben tout l'hiver ;
Au printemps on se trouv'clair!

Dans les chantiers, ah! n'hivernons plus!
Dans les chantiers, ah! n'hivernons plus!

Chansons populaires du Canada, recueillies par Ernest Gagnon, M.A.M.Q.

BÉBÉ DORT.

Il est midi. La chambre est sombre ;
A la fenêtre on a cloué,
Pour donner du frais et de l'ombre,
Un grand châle à carreaux, troué.

Dans un coin, la paupière close,
Sur son oreiller de duvet,
Le bébé doucement repose,
Et le chien dort à son chevet.

Alentour, tout se fait tranquille ;
On n'entend que le vieux coucou,
Balançant sa tige mobile,
Accroché là-bas à son clou.

A travers les trous du vieux châle
Que son poids fait partout plisser,
Un rayon de lumière pâle
De temps en temps vient se glisser.

Dans l'autre chambre, le potage
Se met sur la table, fumant ;
Le père rentre de l'ouvrage,
Joyeux. Mystérieusement,

La mère, le doigt sur la bouche,
Par la porte ouverte à demi,
Lui montre, dans un coin, la couche
Où Bébé repose endormi.

Un bras, replié sur la tête,
Colle au front les cheveux mouillés ;
De la couverture indiscrète
On voit sortir deux petits pieds.

Eux se regardent en silence,
Tout émus, la main dans la main,
Pendant qu'à part soi, chacun pense :
Il aura ses six mois demain! N. LEGENDRE.

Hood, in his "Comic Annual for 1830," had the following from a contributer: "Sur, my wyf had a tom cat that dyd. Being a torture shell, and a great favorit, we had him berried in the guardinn, and for the sake of inrichment of the sile, I had the carkiss lade under the roots of a guzberry bush. The frute being up till then of the smooth kind. But the next sesons fruit after the cat was berried, the guzberries were all hairy, and more remarkabul, the catpilars of the same bush was all of the same hairy description."

LE FANTÔME DE LA ROCHE.

JE suis seul ici, ce soir. Il vente dehors et la neige tombe fine et serrée au cimetière.

Allons! revenez auprès de moi, grand'mère. Tisonnons le feu qui s'éteint et asseyez-vous là, bien en face de moi. Personne ne nous dérangera ; j ai fermé ma porte à tous les bruits du dehors. Causons en doux tête-à-tête, et contez-moi une longue histoire bien terrible, telle que celle du Fantôme de la Roche.

Elle me faisait si peur dans le temps! vous en souvenez-vous, grand'mère ?

I

A CRÉDIT.

Si je me souviens de la légende du Fantôme de la Roche? Je le crois bien! Sans cela il faudrait être ignorante de ses traditions de famille, et chez les Frasers on se la lègue de père en fils, depuis plus de vingt-cinq ans.

Je veux bien t'en faire part ; car pour toi aussi, enfant, il arrivera le jour où il te sera donné de voir le terrible Fantôme de la Roche.

Autrefois, j'avais un grand oncle qui vivait dans la basse-ville de Québec, rue Notre-Dame. Cela était en 1764, et tu vois que cela ne date pas d'hier.

La basse-ville était alors le quartier le plus aristocratique de ce cher vieux Québec, qu'on commence à me démolir.

Il nous quitte pierre par pierre, et bientôt il n'en restera plus rien que ses rues étroites et tortueuses, et son cap gris tout triste de se voir veuf de ses canons. Déja s'en vont ses vieilles portes dont on était si fier autrefois : elles gênent la circulation, paraît-il, du moins, monsieur le Maire nous l'assure, et il faut bien déranger ces niches où dort silencieusement notre histoire, pour laisser passer deux voitures de front.

Ah! les vieillards sentent bien qu'ils sont de trop maintenant : les jeunes le leur disent tous les jours en se laissant mourir jeunes ; et puisqu'il est bien vrai que les vieilleries ont fait leur temps, je dois bientôt me préparer à partir moi-même.

Mon grand oncle demeurait donc dans la rue Notre Dame.

Je ne l'ai connu que par les récits de mon père ; mais c'était, m'a-t-il dit, un beau vieillard large d'épaules, l'œil vif, les cheveux grisonnants. Jadis, il avait été capitaine dans les "Montagnards de Fraser." C'était un de ceux qui eu pour triste mission d'aller incendier Saint-Joachim. Là, il s'était querellé avec le cruel Montgomery, et comme tout le monde savait qu'il s'était montré humain, il réussit à captiver le cœur de ma grand'tante, et tous deux s'étaient mariés après la signature de la paix.

L'ordre était alors arrivé de licencier le régiment, et comme le ménage n'était pas riche, chacun avait réuni ses modestes ressources, ce qui servait à faire fructifier un petit commerce qui allait tant bien que mal. De temps à autre une poule glissait dans le pot-au-feu, et que pouvaient-ils demander de mieux en ces temps de gêne? Dans cette rue, ils vivaient sans faste, sans bruit, respectés par tout le quartier ; car si le capitaine Fraser était honnête homme, il en exigeait surtout de tous ceux qui l'approchaient, et pour être plus sûr de son coup, il ne faisait jamais crédit.

Or, un jour, l'oncle Augustin était debout à la porte de son échoppe, la main passée chaudement dans la large ceinture en laine fléchée qui lui serrait la taille, selon la mode du temps.

Il faisait froid ; c'était en automne et sans doute le capitaine Fraser songeait que vers cette époque, il chassait autrefois le chevreuil dans ses rudes et chères montagnes d'Écosse, si lointaines maintenant, et pourtant si présentes à sa mémoire.

Autour de lui cheminaient en bandes joyeuses les gais *voyageurs* qui partaient pour les pays d'en haut et s'en allaient passer l'hiver à bucher, à trapper, et à courir les bois et les solitudes de l'Ouest. Ce soir-là même, les bateaux s'en allaient hiverner à Sorel et faisaient leur dernier voyage à Montréal. Les anciens avaient pronostiqué une saison longue, giboyeuse, et chacun allait retenir son passage, tout en chantant en chœur :

—V'la l'automne qu'est arrivé ;
Tous les voyageurs vont monter :
Nous n'irons plus voir nos blondes.
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons ;
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!

Certes il faisait bon de voir tous ces braves gens partir comme cela, le cœur gai, le sourire aux lèvres, et tout en se disant cela, mon oncle se frottait les mains et murmurait :

—Ils ont bien raison d'être joyeux, ma foi! Le travail les attend là-bas, tandis que voilà la morte saison qui arrive pour moi. Il faudra que je dise ce soir à Jeanne de mettre en bouteille ce vieux whiskey écossais que m'a envoyé mon cousin Malcolm. Quel plaisir n'aurai-je pas cet hiver à les déboucher une

par une, en compagnie du vieux capitaine de la Corne, qui prétend toujours que le Canada a été vendu par de Vergor, au lieu d'avoir été conquis par Wolfe. Ah! ah! je vois d'ici le chevalier cligner finement de l'œil, tout en emplissant son verre d'un bon doigt, puis y verser doucement de l'eau chaude en disant :

—Saprelotte! qu'il fait froid, dehors! Brrrr! à votre santé, capitaine Fraser.

Il en était là, de ce monologue, lorsqu'un voyageur, se détachant du groupe qui flânait au coin de la rue, s'en vint timidement vers mon oncle qui riait tout seul en lui-même, rien qu'à songer aux douces joies de son logis.

—Bonjour capitaine Fraser, lui dit-il, tout en ôtant respectueusement son bonnet de fourrures.

—Bonjour l'ami! qu'y a-t-il pour votre service?

—Vous m'avez oublié, capitaine Fraser, puisque vous ne me tutoyez plus?

—Pardon! il vient tant de monde à mon magasin que cela serait encore très excusable. Allons! approche ici, que je te reconnaisse!

Le voyageur s'avança vers le capitaine qui lui frappa joyeusement sur l'épaule, en disant :

—Tiens! tiens! cet excellent Martial Dubé que j'ai tiré des griffes du capitaine Gorham. Sans moi, mon homme, tu promettais d'être proprement scalpé.

—C'est vrai cela, M. Fraser, sans vous ça y était et l'on me rangeait dans la catégorie des trophées de guerre. Mais tout de même ce service n'a pas été aussi grand que vous semblez le croire.

—Et comment cela, Martial?

—C'est que voyez-vous, capitaine, tout dans Beaumont a été brulé et mis à sac par les "Rangers" du misérable Goreham. Aujourd'hui, il ne reste plus rien à ma vieille mère qui travaille maintenant chez les habitants. A son âge, c'est dur, capitaine. Elle a soixante ans passés, et toute cette misère m'a forcé de partir pour courir une chance et essayer de lui venir en aide en montant dans les bois.

—Tu fais bien, mon garçon, et ce ne sera pas moi qui t'en blâmera. Je connais le commandement :

—Père et mère tu honoreras afin de vivre longuement :

—Oui, oui, je le connais, moi aussi, et je trouve que c'est beau comme commandement, mais comme promesse, ça ne vaut pas grand-chose, car en somme la vie n'est pas drôle.....Avez-vous des chemises de flanelle à vendre, capitaine?

—Certainement Martial, et des plus belles encore; comment t'en faut-il?

—Oh! pas celles-là, M. Fraser, elles sont trop cher: décrochez-en de vos plus communes et rien qu'une; je n'ai pas le moyen, et il me faut encore une paire de bottes sauvages, une ceinture de laine, une tuque, un couteau avec sa gaîne, et dire qu'il va me falloir demander toutes ces choses là, à crédit;

—Comment à crédit? mais tu dois bien savoir, Martial, que je n'en fais jamais: j'ai même refusé d'ouvrir un compte pour le gros colporteur Larivière qui vend de la marchandise jusqu'en bas de Saint-Jean Port Joli.

—Je le sais, repris tristement Martial, mais pour moi, vous ne me refuserez pas, M. Fraser. Regardez, je suis si pauvre maintenant; puis, tout le monde s'accorde à dire que l'hiver va être magnifique pour la pelleterie. Vous n'y regarderez pas de si près, monsieur, et vous n'empêcherez pas un malheureux de partir pour gagner honorablement quelques sous et venir en aide à sa mère. Voyons, M. Fraser, laissez moi vous attendrir!

—Mais, mon ami, si j'écoutais ainsi tout le monde, il me faudrait fermer boutique avant la fin de la semaine. Pour ne pas me ruiner, j'ai dû établir une règle sévère, et je ne puis m'en départir.

—Allons: M. Fraser, un peu de pitié pour l'amour de Dieu: Je n'ai pas d'autres garanties à vous donner que ma parole, mais soyez sûr qu'elle vaut celle du Roy de France. Mort ou vif, je vous payerai ce que vous allez m'avancer.

—Si je savais que tu serais discret, je ne dis pas encore; mais en route, on parle. Il faut bien se vanter un peu quand on n'a plus rien à se dire, et ce que je ferais pour toi, il me faudrait le faire pour les autres. A ce compte, toute transaction serait impossible, et il n'y aurait pas de commerce pour tenir debout pendant six mois.

—Voilà les bateaux qui partent. Allons! un bon mouvement, M. Fraser; je n'en dirai rien, je vous le promets.

—Mais si tu allais te noyer en route, Martial?

—Je vous l'ai dit, M. Fraser; mort ou vif, je vous paierai.

Mon oncle Augustin était un brave homme au fond. Il décrocha proprement ce que Dubé lui avait demandé, en fit soigneusement un paquet et le lui mit sous le bras, tout en lui servant un doigt de rhum.

—A ton bon voyage, Martial.

—Merci, capitaine, merci; ne craignez rien; serai-je au fond du purgatoire je reviendrais vous payer.

II

MARTIAL PAIE SA DETTE.

—Prendrez vous du thé, chevalier? Voyez comme il est chaud et parfumé. Si vous essayez une fois de ce breuvage, je parie que vous ne pourrez plus vous en passer.

—Capitaine, vous êtes un tentateur: vous autres anglais, vous ne vous méfiez pas assez des Chinois. Ils se vengent de votre commerce d'opium, en vous servant en retour un énervant qui entre comme base de toutes vos maladies, le *spleen*, par exemple.

—Un Français n'est pas autre chose qu'une agglomération de préjugé, chevalier. Vous n'aimez pas le thé; soit. Voici du vieux whiskey d'Ecosse que je me propose de mettre en bouteille demain.

—Vraiment: il est bon et vaut cent fois cette guildive que l'on nous a donnée en rations sur les plaines d'Abraham. Vous vous rappelez capitaine, du maître coup d'épée que votre serviteur vous prêta en ce jour historique.

—Comment, si je m'en souviens, M. de la Corne? Sans la boucle d'argent qui retenait mon *plaid*, vous étiez en train de me désarticuler l'épaule. Chevalier, vous êtes aujourd'hui la cause d'une série de rhumatisme qui me tombe dessus à chaque saut de température, et vous m'avez métamorphosé en un douloureux baromètre.

Vous n'avez qu'à choisir au milieu des chaudes flanelles de votre étalage pour vous soigner à point: à votre santé, vieux richard.

—Vous me parlez à l'aise de mes flanelles, chevalier. Si un marchand se servait comme cela, que resterait-il à sa clientèle? Dans le triste état où se trouve le pays, il faut économiser.

—Mais c'est vous, capitaine Fraser, qui prenez vos aises en parlant d'un pays que vous et les vôtres ont dévasté, pillé, incendié, puis enfin de compte acheté et soldé. Dieu merci! vous ne nous avez pas conquis. Il y avait de bonnes lames ici, ajouta M. de la Corne en frappant distraitement sur sa jambe gauche, croyant y rencontrer encore le fourreau de sa fidèle épée d'autrefois.

—Heureusement que je la connais, celle-là; et je parierais que c'est encore le nom de ce pauvre capitaine de Vergor qui va revenir sur le tapis. Voyons, chevalier, de grâce calmez vous! Nous ne sommes pas aussi ogres que vous le croyez envers vos compatriotes, et tenez, je veux bien vous faire une confidence. Moi qui vous parle en ce moment, j'ai fait une chose qui ne m'est jamais arrivée de ma vie; j'ai avancé sur crédit, et cela à un Canadien-Français.

—Parbleu, la belle affaire! Nous prenez-vous pour des escroes de New-Market ou de White-Chapel? Dieu merci, nous payons nos dettes, nous: le pays entier devrait-il y passer.

—Vous serez toujours intraitable, chevalier, et pourtant il va falloir m'écouter, car je me suis mis en tête de vous raconter mon histoire.

Et il se prit alors à dire à M. de la Corne ce qu'il avait fait pour le pauvre Martial Dubé. A mesure que mon grand oncle parlait, le chevalier laissait échapper de nombreuses marques d'assentiment. Quand il eut terminé son récit, il essuya furtivement une larme et dit en se levant brusquement :

—Capitaine Fraser, je veux faire quelque chose pour cette pauvre vieille dame Dubé. Demain, je vous apporterai cent livres, et en attendant je vous souhaite le bonsoir.

—Hourah! pour le chevalier de la Corne, cria le capitaine Fraser, en le reconduisant vers la porte. Je m'associerai à votre bonne œuvre, et je donnerai autant. Bonne nuit; au revoir, cher Samaritain.

—Il se faisait tard, lorsque les pas du chevalier commencèrent à se perdre sur le pavé de la rue Notre-Dame. Onze heure sonnaient à l'épicerie du coin, et le capitaine, après avoir jeté un regard dans l'obscurité du dehors, verrouilla fortement sa porte, essuya du revers de sa manche la vitre de la petite lanterne qu'il tenait à la main, et avant de se coucher, commença l'inspection qu'il faisait chaque soir, dans son magasin.

Ballots de marchandises fraichement arrivés d'Ecosse, boîtes de thé venues de Chine, mélasses et guildives des Iles, eaux-de-vie de France, toutes ces choses de son commerce défilaient tranquillement sous le rayon pacifique de la lanterne de mon oncle. Partout l'ordre régnait, la nuit promettait d'être tranquille. A la porte résonnait le pas cadencé d'une patrouille, et de temps à autre arrivait un cri de détresse poussé par le passant attardé, que les matelots *pressient* pour recruter les marins de S. M. Britannique, représentée en ce moment par deux gros vaisseaux de ligne ancrés dans la rade de Québec.

Pas un voleur rôdait aux environs, et l'oncle Fraser satisfait de sa promenade nocturne se disposait à aller se mettre au lit, lorsqu'en dirigeant un dernier rayon de lumière vers son comptoir, il aperçut assis sur un ballot, la tête tristement appuyée dans une de ses mains, son ancien client, Martial Dubé.

—Par saint André! que fais-tu là mon garçon! balbutia la voix mal assurée de M. Fraser!

—La vie est un rêve, capitaine, et pendant que je vous parle mon pauvre corps roule dans la baie de Sainte-Croix. Je me suis noyé à dix heures, cette nuit, et je viens vous payer M. Fraser.

De grosses sueurs froides partaient du front de mon oncle; sa main tremblait, et, les yeux écarquillés, il regardait le spectre avec une telle épouvante, qu'il comprit ses paroles sans les entendre.

Les esprits sont ainsi faits. Ils peuvent nous parler sans qu'aucun son vienne frapper l'oreille humaine.

—N'ayez pas peur de moi, M. Fraser, continua l'imperceptible voix du spectre. Les morts ne savent plus commettre le mal, et la méchanceté ne se trouve que sur la terre des vivants. D'ailleurs, je vous aime, vous le savez capitaine. Tout à l'heure quand vous vous êtes arrangé avec M. de la Corne pour venir en aide à ma pauvre mère, j'étais là qui vous écoutais. Les défunts se mêlent constamment aux actes et aux pensées des hommes. Ils voient, comprennent, jugent tout. Leur esprit est délié de toute enveloppe matérielle, et votre bonne action me fait du bien, puisque votre générosité met à l'abri les quelques jours que ma mère doit encore passer sur terre.

Quant à ma dette, voici comment vous serez remboursé.

J'ai laissé dans un coffre, à la Pointe-Lévis quelques effets qui sont de bonne vente. Prenez sur le produit l'argent qui vous revient de droit, et avec le reste faites moi dire des messes.

La voix s'éteignit dans un murmure, et mon oncle, les cheveux collés sur les tempes à force d'avoir sué sous le poids de la peur, se retrouva seul dans son magasin.

La petite lanterne lui montrait toujours le ballot où Martial s'était assis, mais le mort s'était évanoui avec la voix sépulcrale, et on n'entendait plus que le trottement des rats sous le plancher.

Alors mon oncle Fraser regagna lentement la petite porte qui menait à l'escalier. Là, il se prit à grimper les marches quatre à quatre et quand il fut bien pelotonné sous ses couvertures, ma grand'tante l'entendit murmurer entre deux versets du *De profundis* :

—Ah! ma bonne Luce! Martial Dubé vient de me confier des choses que je ne te dirai qu'à l'heure de ma mort.

III.

LE FANTÔME DE LA ROCHE.

Depuis longtemps le corps de ce pauvre Martial Dubé s'était dissous et avait disparu sous les vases de la baie de Sainte-Croix.

Les biens de la terre continuaient à combler mon oncle de leurs faveurs: la prospérité débordait autour de lui, et son commerce l'avait mis à même d'acheter une belle et grande propriété dans le bas de Beaumont.

Là, il vivait heureux et honoré. Ses capitaux étaient utilisés de manière à ne semer que l'amour et les joies du travail. Il s'appliquait surtout à donner un véritable cours d'agriculture pratique aux paysans, et chacune de ses grosses récoltes qu'il engrangeait prouvait plus contre la routine que n'importe quel argument. Les saines leçons qu'il avait puisées dans ses champs d'Ecosse le servaient à ravir, et chaque année mon oncle s'enrichissait à vue d'œil, si l'on en croyait les belles lucernes, les blés magnifiques, les seigles de belle pousse, que vers l'automne il envoyait gaiment échanger à la ville contre du bon or anglais.

On était alors vers le 21 octobre 1779: mon oncle venait d'avoir 71 ans et comme il savait profiter de tout et ne remettait jamais au lendemain ce qui pouvait se faire la veille, il était dans son champ et donnait des ordres pour le faire labourer.

L'été des sauvages arrivait. Ce matin-là le temps s'était revêté superbe pour la charrue et pour les bœufs. Leurs grands naseaux fumants prenaient à délices les chaudes effluves qui sortaient du sol. Au loin la nonnette et la mésange jetaient leurs cris plaintifs dans les feuilles qui, avant de mourir, se drapaient frileusement sous leurs couleurs vives et pleines de jeu de lumières. On aurait dit qu'un souffle de printemps passait sur la prairie. L'insecte bourdonnait sous l'herbe jaunie, le vent était tiède, le soleil chaud, et pourtant toute cette nature allait mourir et disparaître avant qu'un mois sous un épais linceul de neige.

Dans nos climats du nord la terre ressemble à l'homme qui vieillit: l'une renait et meurt sous les baisers du soleil; l'autre parti de l'enfance s'en retourne vieux et chancelant par l'enfance, et l'une est un enseignement pour l'autre.

Or, après avoir donné ses ordres, mon grand oncle descendit vers un petit vallon où coulait une source d'eau vive. Il dut s'y rafraîchir. Une demie heure après, Pierre Touchet qui guidait les bœufs, le vit reparaître et se diriger vers la maison.

Il était pâle, et, lui qui d'ordinaire marchait si alerte et si droit, il s'en allait distraitement, la tête penchée, les deux mains derrière le dos.

Pierre crût à quelque chose d'extraordinaire, et laissant là sa charrue, il se prit à le suivre à distance pour voir ce qui allait se passer.

M. Fraser gravit lentement les marches de son perron. Sa femme était précisément à la porte qui lui avait l'entrée. Il la baisa au front et, décrochant le cor qui lui servait à rappeler les hommes du travail, il se prit à le sonner vigoureusement.

Debout sur le seuil de son manoir, le capitaine Fraser ressemblait ainsi à une apparition de sa jeunesse. C'était ainsi qu'il devait sonner l'hallali du cerf au fond des gorges sauvages du Ben Nevis ; calme impassible, c'était ainsi qu'il devait redresser sa haute stature sous la pluie de balle que le Royal Roussillon et le Royal Angoulême faisaient grêler sur les rudes montagnards de son régiment, au terrible jour de la bataille des Plaines d'Abraham.

Tout le monde courait à travers champs. On les voyait venir à qui mieux mieux, croyant trouver la maison ou les bâtiments en feu ; mais le capitaine Fraser, sans répondre aux questions, sonnait toujours du cor, jusqu'à ce que Louis Vallières, le dernier arrivé, eût mis le pied dans la salle où d'ordinaire les travailleurs mangeaient.

Alors, il ferma la porte, se fit apporter un fauteuil, et faisant asseoir tout le monde, il dit :

— Mes enfants, j'ai tenu à vous réunir ici pour vous dire combien je suis heureux de vous voir tous assidus au travail et aimer l'agriculture. Continuez : votre pain se gagnera toujours honnêtement, et vous vous assurerez une vieillesse honorée. Je n'ai pas cessé de songer à votre bien être, et quand je ne serai plus là, mes héritiers ont ordre de vous traiter avec la même sollicitude. Maintenant veuillez me pardonner les torts que j'ai pu avoir vis-à-vis de vous. L'homme est né pécheur, et bien des fois j'ai pu vous froisser par ma sévérité ; aujourd'hui l'heure de l'oubli est venue. Ne cessez pas d'être doux et bienveillants pour vos semblables. Tout est récompensé en ce monde, et parceque je fus bon jadis envers un nécessiteux, je viens de recevoir une grâce inespérée. Dieu a permis que je fusse averti : au soleil couchant je dois mourir. Martial Dubé m'est apparu sur la roche du vallon. Il m'a dit que tout était fini et je n'ai que le temps de me préparer. Attelle au plus vite, Touchette, et va chercher M. Duchesneau, notre curé.

Pierre se mit en route pendant que tout le monde pleurait, et que ma grand' tante ne savait plus où donner de la tête.

Seul au milieu de tout ce monde en sanglots mon oncle conservait son sang froid. Il donnait ses dernières instructions, écrivait quelques lettres à ses parents d'Ecosse ; puis, quand le curé fut arrivé, ils s'enfermèrent. Dieu seul sut ce qui se passa entre ces deux hommes. Seulement, lorsque l'abbé sortit on m'a rapporté qu'il avait les yeux pleins de larmes, pendant que le front de mon grand oncle rayonnait d'une sérénité angélique.

Cependant le jour baissait : c'était en octobre. Cinq heures allaient sonner, et le soleil part vers cette heure là. Mon oncle fit alors rouler son grand fauteuil auprès de la fenêtre qui regarde l'île d'Orléans et les Laurentides ; il murmura quelques mots à l'oreille de sa femme, puis reposant sa main gauche dans celle de ma grand' tante, il se prit à bénir ses enfants à genoux auprès de lui.

En ce moment le soleil plonges sous l'horizon, et mon oncle Fraser inclinant légèrement la tête remit son esprit entre les mains de son Créateur.

Depuis lors, chaque fois qu'un Fraser doit mourir, le Fantôme de la Roche lui apparaît.

***

J'aurai demain quatre-vingts ans, continua ma grand' mère, et l'heure mystérieuse doit bientôt sonner pour moi. Ferme et sans peur j'attends l'apparition sans trembler ; car bien que je ne sache pas le latin, je commence à croire que mon père était sage lorsqu'il nous disait qu'Horace n'avait pas tort d'écrire :

—On s'attendrit davantage, et l'on devient meilleur avec les années.

FAUCHER DE SAINT-MAURICE.

THE CALAMITY IN A ROLLER SKATING RINK

In the face of the awful calamity at Bloomingville, (Iowa) the most reckless man can hardly avoid remembering that he is more or less human, and the coldest cynic must for once admit that all men are his brethers, up to a certain point. When a horrible catastrophe strikes down men and women in the vigor of health and the glow of happiness, we are compelled to pause and ask ourselves a series of philosophical and humanitarian conundrums. Why was it that we were not put to death by Nero, or overwhelmed by the Lisbon earthquake, or banished to Siberia by Peter the Great ? When everything around us is bright and fair, we may perhaps answer these and similar questions with the flippant remark that we were not born in time to share in any such calamities ; but when we are in the very presence of some horrible tragedy, flippancy and skepticism can no longer sustain us. Undoubtedly, one of the chief uses of other peoples' sorrows is to lead us to ask why such and such things are so and so. Let us recognize this great fact, and strive to bear the griefs that beset other men with cheerful resignation.

It was late in the season when the mania for skating on roller-skates reached Bloomingville, and the construction of a rink was begun and carried forward with more haste than ought to have characterized so important a work. It was determined that the rink should be ready for use by the 1st of February, but it was not actually completed until near the end of the month. The greatest interest in the undertaking was manifested by all classes. The local minister gave a lecture on the "Tortures of the Inquisition" in aid of the rink, and a leading citizen who had been in Europe followed with a lecture upon the Crusades, illustrated with a plan of Solomon's temple and a chromo showing an army of blue Israelites crossing the Red Sea and pursued by green and yellow Egyptians. The ladies of the town gave a "Martha Washington Reception," and the Dorcas Society decided to divide the profits of its annual fair between the missionaries and the rink. Even the local small boys caught the enthusiasm, and worked pious mottoes upon card-board, which they would have sold had they not quarrelled over the question which motto was the most attractive, and so strewn the streets with fragments of "Blessed are the Peacemaker," and "Love one Another," mingled with hair and buttons.

MAURICE BASTIEN, GRAND CHIEF OF THE HURONS.

In time the necessary funds were raised and the rink was completed. The floor was covered with a composite pavement made of tar, fine sand, and other abstruse chemicals, and the building was warmed by a furnace, the "registers," connected with which were judiciously placed here and there in the floor, so that the skaters could readily warm their feet. On the evening of the 26th of February, the rink was formally opened with a prayer by the minister and singing by the choir, together with an address on general topics by a former justice of the peace. Then, amid the inspiring strains of the Bloomingville brass band, the skaters adjusted their rollers and the sport began.

All went as merry as an Indiana marriage bell, which is as ready to ring for a divorce as a wedding. At least sixty persons were on the floor, and a large number were ranged along the raised platform at the sides of the building, enjoying the spectacle and peanuts. Before long, however, the rink became oppressively warm. The engineer in charge of the furnace was new to the business, and had injudiciously filled it too full of pine logs. Slowly the thermometer climbed upward. It began at 58°, but at 9 o'clock it had reached 80°, and was still rising. At precisely 9.20, Judge Bowman, who weighed 213 pounds, was seen to sit violently down, and to remain seated in spite of the efforts of his friends. A few moments later, a lady of great moral worth and cubic dimensions followed the judge's example, and a panic at once began.

There were fourteen "registers" on the floor, and for a space of several yards around each one of these registers the tar pavement had suddenly yielded to the excessive heat. As the frightened skaters, warned by the fate of the first two victims, tried to reach the platforms, many of them skated too near the registers, and involuntarily sat down in the most pronounced manner. Within ten minutes after the panic began, fifteen leading citizens of Bloomingville and twenty-two ladies were fastened to the floor as firmly as if they were express labels pasted upon nicely polished articles of furniture. Again and again was some leading citizen partially pried loose, but to the sound of rending garments was uniformly added his piercing entreaty to be allowed to resume his meditative attitude until he could be furnished with an Ulster overcoat. The ladies, with characteristic inconsistency, implored their friends to aid them, but when approached by charitable young men with crowbars, fiercely demanded to be let alone. Over the horrors of this scene humanity requires that a veil should be dropped. It was midnight before a full supply of Ulsters was obtained, and the simultaneously happy thought of putting out the lights occurred to an intelligent man. The fifteen leading citizens and the twenty-two ladies were finally extricated and carried to their several homes, and on the very next night the rink accidentally took fire and burned to the ground.

How pointedly this sad calamity teaches us that in the midst of life we may sometimes happen to be in the midst of tar ! This is a solemn thought, and it is to be hoped that it will not be lightly put aside, and that the Bloomingville calamity may inspire us all with a firm determination never to go and do likewise.—W. L. ALDEN.

L'HOPITAL-GENERAL DE QUEBEC.

UN SOUVENIR.

Les fondateurs du couvent de Notre-Dame des Anges furent des Récollets ou Frères Mineurs de Saint-François d'Assise. Arrivés au pays en 1615, ces pauvres moines érigèrent d'abord une chapelle à la basse-ville, en attendant des secours qui leur permettraient de bâtir un couvent avec tous ses accessoires. Ce ne fut que six ans après qu'ils purent réaliser leur projet. En 1621, leur nouvelle église fut bénite sous le vocable de Notre-Dame des Anges. C'était précisément à l'endroit où se trouve aujourd'hui l'Hôpital-Général.

L'historique de cette fondation remonte donc aux premiers temps de la colonie. Il y aurait long à raconter sur ce premier monument de Québec. Rappelons seulement un fait peu connu, que l'historien cependant n'a pas oublié. C'était en 1622. Québec était tranquille, Champlain absent en course d'exploration ou de découvertes. Les Iroquois surgissent tout à coup, et au lieu de s'attaquer à l'habitation de la basse-ville, ils s'enfoncent dans la rivière Saint-Charles, et contournant avec leurs canots le méandre qui forme la Pointe-aux-Lièvres, ils viennent assaillir le couvent de Notre-Dame des Anges. Mais les religieux avaient eu la bonne inspiration de construire un rempart en bois, avec des bastions aux quatre coins, afin de se défendre contre les incursions des sauvages. Cette sage précaution sauva Québec du massacre. Les Iroquois furent repoussés grâce à l'héroïque défense des religieux qui, de leur petit fort, lancèrent à l'ennemi des projectiles mortels. Madame Hébert, qui avait été témoin de ce fait d'armes, le raconta bien souvent aux missionnaires, et c'est par eux qu'il a été transmis à la postérité.

***

Lorsque les Récollets quittèrent Québec, en 1629, ils croyaient bien y revenir avant 1670. Mais les circonstances déjouèrent leur plan, du reste très louable. Dans l'intervalle leur couvent avait servi à abriter des familles. On ne s'attendait plus à leur retour. De 1670 à 1680, ces bons religieux, qui avaient trouvé des protecteurs puissants dans Frontenac et Talon, s'occupèrent à relever les ruines de leur ancien monastère ; ils y ajoutèrent plusieurs corps de logis et l'église qui existe encore. Ce fut sur le seuil de ce modeste temple que, le premier jour d'avril 1693, quatre religieuses de l'Hôtel-Dieu, désignées comme fondatrices du nouvel hôpital, vinrent se jeter aux pieds de Mgr de Saint-Valier pour recevoir sa bénédiction. C'est de cette heure solennelle que date l'existence de l'Hôpital-Général.

La prise de possession du monastère des Récollets fut un événement bien remarquable dans l'histoire de la Nouvelle-France. L'autorité religieuse et civile s'étaient donné la main pour lui donner le plus grand éclat. Frontenac, l'ami et le protecteur officiel des Récollets, avait contribué pour [illegible] large part à l'érection de ces édifices. Il y al[illegible]eurs fois par année faire des retraites de di[illegible]urs. C'était sa maison privilégiée. [illegible] de Champigny avait été l'un des o[illegible] des pauvres de la haute-ville, et, en [illegible] trouvait à faire partie de l'administra[illegible] de l'hôpital. Ces deux personnages attirai[illegible] tout le personnel militaire et les fonctionna[illegible] l'Etat. Et lorsque vint l'heure de la nouvelle fon[illegible]tion, tout Québec était rendu au couvent de Notre-Dame des Anges.

Snowshoes and Toboggans.

FOREMOST among the pioneers of civilization, and the benefactors of mankind are the North American Indians. It is true that they were uncultured, and their attentions to strangers were more energetic than conventional, and more warm than agreeable, but then every nation has its customs, and there are fly-specks on the best of us. If they made their captives run the gauntlet, out of that they evolved Lacrosse, and would have evolved football too, if rubber had not been scarce; if they made incursions in the winter, and burned down villages without any regard to the feelings of the inmates, or the fact that the thermometer was 20 below zero, they invented snow shoes for the purpose; if they organized summer surprise parties which ended by their sticking the surprised with lighted pine splinters as full as a hedgehog is of quills, and finally dismissing them in a grand pyrotechnic display, they called into existence the toboggan in their more sedate moments. Lacrosse, Snow Shoe Clubs, toboggan slides, these grand things civilization owes to the Indians. Eh! "Rather different now to what they were in the time of the Aborigines"? Of course. If a man cannot improve on what his ancestors did, he had better have been born before them, and besides, it's a great deal easier to improve on a thing after it is invented, than to invent it oneself. The criticism is irrational. How is a man going to perfect an idea before it has occurred to any one, I should like to know. Therefore the Indians were the pioneers of civilization, and the benefactors of mankind. Q. E. D.

Look at Snow-shoeing; (I am not going to talk about Lacrosse, because Mr. Lemoine has done it elsewhere, and much better than I could do), but look at Snow-shoeing. Could there be anything more invigorating, more exhilarating, more delightful? That is, when you get accustomed to it, and don't trip yourself up at the first deep snow drift, and make a frantic attempt to stand on your head on the ground five feet below, while your heels wave wildly in the air, a human semaphore. But when these preliminaries are over, oh! the glory of that steady swinging tramp over the crisp snow that sparkles in million diamond facets under your feet, while the pure bracing air rushes to meet you laden with the breath of spruce and pine, and fills your lungs with the elixir of life. It also converts your beard and moustache into a fairy grotto of icicles, so that you could not get within two inches of the lips of the pretty girl at your side, however much you might feel tempted to do so, and a convenient turn in the line of march might afford an opportunity. Never mind; "there is a tide in the affairs of men," and, besides, your nose is looking a little too blue for sentiment. Hark! How the mounting spirits break out into song; no birds ever sang more heartily. "Ho! Ho! Ho! Over the snow, with the blue above and the white below! Hearts stout and light of the blue and white, over the sparkling crust to-night!" What's that break in the song and a roar of laughter instead? Tompkins gone to grass? There's no grass now. Pull him out and set him on his legs again. Nose frozen? Rub it with snow, or stop! ask Miss Maude there to "kiss the spot, and make it well." All right, old man! Off we go again. The glory? Ay! and the health, and the pleasure, and the good fellowship of it. The air is full of laughter and joke and song, and the snow under the feet rings like an accompaniment of fairy bells. Talk about summer birds! Why here is the very essence of music and poetry. Who is that swearing up in the big old pine there? A squirrel, and he's not swearing either; he is laughing till he can scarcely hold on to the branch. See how his head bobs down and his tail jerks up in a very ecstasy of fun. "Bright eyes," Miss Helen? It's your own you see reflected in them.

Diamonds glance from the branching pines,
Diamonds cover the sleeping vines,
Diamonds star the skies above,
But brighter thy clear pure eyes, my love.
Sweet eyes! sparkle when blue skies darkle,
When night comes down with her starry crown,
Ere the brid[illegible] sun hath his race begun
And slee[illegible]ters country and town.

Wh[illegible] up in the rear there and don't fall [illegible] is; only stopping to admire [illegible] my arm. Miss Helen, we'll get [illegible]ch them up.

[illegible]wshoeing is a grand invention, better [illegible]gganing. I don't care much for tobogganing: [illegible] no time to——admire squirrels. You can't [illegible]k soft nonsense when your whole attention is devoted to holding on to your toboggan and your breath, and your whole soul is wrapt in an earnest prayer that when you reach the bottom it may be only your leg that is broken, and not your neck. It is very nice just as you are getting ready to start, but when that toboggan begins to make play you get a vivid idea of a sudden leap into Eternity. Earth vanishes, and becomes a chaos of whirling phantasms; the heavens——There is no such thing as the Heavens; nothing but a swirling blue mist amid which all the stars, fused into one single comet with a tail five million of billions of miles long dart like the arrow of doom. What was that? An earthquake or a volcanic eruption? or did that fiend of a toboggan slide out from underneath and hit me on the back? Only a jump? Next time I want to jump I'll go up five miles in a balloon. It would be more comfortable. Where's my breath? I shall have to advertise for it when I get to the bottom; if I ever do get there, which is doubtful. I dont believe there is a bottom. Somebody has stolen the other end. We have been travelling at the rate of a hundred thousand miles a second through countless years, and we ought to have been there, wherever there is, or if there is a there at all, long before this. I wish I had made my will before I started: I wish I could remember a prayer; I wish I had been a better man when I was alive; I wish I was off this toboggan now that I am dead. I wish——Hah! It's stopping, and I've not been dead at all. Thank Heaven! If ever again I go! Jack! lend a hand to pull the toboggan up, and let us try it again. Man! it was grand. – JOHN J. PROCTER.

VICTORIA SLIDE, COVE FIELDS.

QUEBEC SNOWSHOE CLUB SONG.

Oh! tumble in, be smart, my boys, and number from the right!
The leader gives the tally-ho! and soon we're out of sight;
Across the Plains, through forest thick, to "Morton Lodge" we're led.
Where plenty fun, and grub of course, await the "Black and Red."

CHORUS.

Then join in the chorus and shout ev'ry man,
As on the snowshoe light, boys, we travel o'er the land,
The storm may rage, the wind may blow, we'll go wherever led,
So give three rousing cheers for the old "Black and Red."

What care we for the weather? Let it do the worst it can,
Only give us a good lead, and we'll follow to a man;
We know what is before us well, and true it may be said,
No storm can stop the wearers of the old "Black and Red."

Our Rendez-vous is reached at last, where all is bright and gay,
And music, cards, good song, and smoke make time slip fast away.
Thus two whole hours we wile away, and then for home we head;
What jolly fun tonight, my boys, have had the "Black and Red."

Kind lady friends, to you we give our very warmest thanks,
For your many deeds of kindness which help to swell our ranks;
We do our best, our very best, we hope it may be said,
So we trust you'll always come along and help the "Black and Red."

And when at last we lay aside the snowshoe swift and light,
The shoe which through so many years has caused us such delight,
We'll look to those who take our place and tramp it in our stead,
To make the young'uns come along, and join the "Black and Red."

Words by R. Harcourt Smith, music by Amy Henry

CHANSON DU CLUB UNION COMMERCIALE.

Allons, hardis marcheurs, partons, l'heure s'avance,
La gaîté dans les yeux, et l'allégresse au cœur,
Nos raquettes aux pieds, marchons tous en cadence,
Et que les gais refrains soutiennent notre ardeur.

Partout la plaine immense
Offre son tapis blanc,
Où la lune balance
Son jour pâle et tremblant,
L'air pur nous aiguillonne
De sa vive fraîcheur,
Et c'est lui qui nous donne
La santé, la vigueur.

Sur l'agile raquette
Monte, hardi marcheur,
L'heure vient, qu'on s'apprête,
Partons, chantons en chœur.

Sans craindre la rafale,
Qui l'attaque souvent,
L'Union Commerciale
Va toujours de l'avant,
Sous son capot d'étoffe,
D'étoffe du pays,
Habite un philosophe
Qui n'est jamais surpris. – N. LEGENDRE

THE OLD AND NEW GATES OF QUEBEC.

Several eminent French Engineers LeVasseur, de Callières, de Lery, Le Mercier, Pontleroy and others have cooperated devising plans to fortify Quebec, under French rule, carrying out the mode of fortification laid out by the illustrious strategist Vauban; and Royal English Engineers of note, such as – McKellar, Twiss, Gather Mann, Bruyeres, Durnford, By, Galway, have contributed largely to the present defenses of the city at Quebec, and to the extensive earth works at Levis, which now form part of them.

The city had but three gates under French rule: St. Louis, St. Jean, and Palais. Brigadier General James Murray records in his diary of the siege, the care with which, on the 5th May 1760, he had Palais gate closed; "Palais gate was shut up all but the wicket."

General Robert Prescott had the lower town gate, which bore his name, erected about 1797, and the outer masonry.

A handsome chain gate intercepting the road to the citadel was built under the administration of the Earl of Dalhousie in 1827. Hope Gate, was erected by General Hope, the administrator of the Province in 1786, at the request of the French Canadians, says Sergeant Jas. Thompson, of the 78th Highlanders, in his Diary. Palace Gate constructed under French rule, was renewed in 1831. It was our most ornamental gate and was razed in 1870-71, as well as St. Louis and Hope Gates.

In 1694, St. John's Gate was raised in stone. In 1868, being quite too narrow for the purposes of traffic, it was pulled down and the present handsome gate, with openings, the designs of which had been approved of by the British War Office, built; it cost $40,000. A statue of the founder of Quebec, to crown this elegant structure, is talked of.

The modern St. Louis Gate and the new Kent Gate, form part of the Dufferin City improvements, which have yet to be completed. The Kent Gate, was partly built with funds from the private purse of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in memory of the residence in Quebec, 1791-94, of her father Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, then Col. of the 7th Fusiliers.

J. M. LEMOINE.

THE CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND.

The value of the crown-jewels of England has been recently estimated by a royal commission. The crown weighs nineteen ounces ten pennyweights. It does not contain the Koh-i-noor. From the gold circle to the upper cross it measures seven inches, its diameter being five inches. Its present worth is as follows:

The ruby	£10,000
The aqua marina	12,000
Twenty diamonds round the circle	30,000
Two centre diamonds	4,000
Four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds	12,000
Four diamonds on tops of crosses	40,000
Twenty-six diamonds in *fleur de lis*	12,000
Diamonds on arches	14,000
	£134,000

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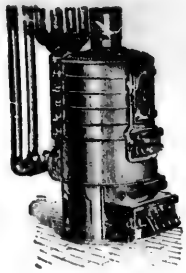

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OF

QUEBEC DAILY TELEGRAPH.

JANUARY 29, 1894.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL LORD ABERDEEN, AND FAMILY, PATRONS OF QUEBEC WINTER CARNIVAL.

SON EXCELLENCE LE GOUVERNEUR-GÉNÉRAL, LORD ABERDEEN; ET SA FAMILLE, PATRONS DU CARNAVAL DE QUÉBEC.

AN OPEN LETTER

—BY—

CHIPMUNK.

DEAR UNCLE SAM,

Although I am no Poet Laureate, sir,
I might do *verse* (don't call the hearse, I don't require it yet, sir)
Than glibly rhyme the glowing time your nephews and your nieces
Are having in this *Ancient Bin* of antiquarian species.
KING FROST is holding Carnival, and you'll not be dejected
To learn its not at all like what we Yankee Folk expected;
A *frost* you say? Why, yes! but aye, I have a ready answer
Pray call to mind how oft you'll find a *frost* that spells Bonanza.
Let cynics chaff, and scoffers laugh, and sceptics have their say, sir,
Its just immense, and those who've sense will come here right away, sir;
Tho' T'll admit, t'were right and fit to practice no deception,
For, *entre-nous*, t'is strange but true, you'll get a *cold* reception.
Snow? Well, I'd smile! Ice? quite a pile! The *Herald* ought to get it
Mosquitoes? No! not quite, but oh! the frost bites if you let it
But then you don't, or rather won't, permit such sharp digression
On the part of COLD, however bold, to ply its *cool* profession.
Without a doubt, we're sadly out in all our calculating
On Frigid zones and aching bones why 'tis most renovating.
There's no desire to set afire the blood with nectars cup, sir,
Quebec ozone, itself, alone's a magic *Pick-me-up*, sir.
But ah! how can a paper-man describe the fascination
That steals o'er he who courts this free and healthy recreation
Mid atmosphere, crisp, sparkling, clear; whilst sun, a warm defender,
O'er hill and dale, o'er mount and vale, sheds beams of lustrous splendour.
In such a strain, an endless chain of praise I could deliver
On "snowy peak" and "silvery streak" *here is indeed a river*
Suffice to say t'is grandeur - Nay! A Poet has defined it
As unsurpassed, t'is rightly classed, and such indeed you'll find it.
The many drives, that one contrives to take in all directions
Are simply grand and, understand, appeal to our affections.
For Convent, Church, no need to search, they're everywhere abounding;
Monastic bell is toll'd as well, in Parishes surrounding.
Humbly devout, without a doubt, is *Bonnet Rouge*, the peasant:
A noted Buck, this true *Canuck* is affable and pleasant.
T'is well to know a phrase or so of French, for overhauling
The *patois* of this *habitant* you'll find it slightly *Gaul*-ing.
A reverie Come, follow me in dreamy meditations,
Together look in nature's book of past associations;
To memorize a chieftain's rise, a street's been named CHAMPLAIN, sir,
Tho' we're aware, JACQUES CARTIER'S SQUARE with him, and can't complain, sir.
Yon BEAUPORT FLATS don't murmur "rats" we're told in history candid,
Is certainly the place where he, this great Explorer landed;
Up CHARLES' stream, his *craft*-y team, HERMINE and LA BELLE HELENE
Once safely moored, from storm inured, he pitched his modest dwelling.
A true surprise to Indian eyes! He begged the savage ranger
To share his pot, and hoped they'd not consider him a stranger;
Such cool address and *politesse*, was acting pretty spry, sir,
He clothed and fed the noble Red *but winked the other eye, sir*;
For now to-day, sad truth to say, they've sunk from recognition,
All but a few who're kept on view for public exhibition.
Romance? Perchance. Another glance recalls a memory cherished,
For was it not upon this spot that brave MONTGOMERY perished?
Proud England, too, and France, *parbleu!* have solved the awful mystery,
And WOLFE MONTCALM lie buried calm in monumental history.
Yon sombre FORT; t'was dearly bought mid struggle fierce enacted.
Yon ABRAHAM'S PLAIN; e'er bears the stain of noble blood exacted
Ah, cruel past! with thee at last, we truly have to reckon;
Oh Death! thy sting will surely bring us to thee at thy beckon.
Eh bien! Let's turn to what concerns us in this quaint old city,
Whose maids are fair beyond compare, chic, elegant, and witty.
Could I afford to praise and laud them to the skies, I'd do it;
But as I am a bashful man, I possibly might rue it.
Alas! Alack! Oh sealskin sacque and saucy beaver bonnet,
This heart is thine; nay, don't decline my sentimental sonnet,
Ah, sable muff and ditto cuff, I long to be beside thee.
T'is not thee, Fur, that I prefer *It's what's wrapped up inside thee.*
Oh Quebec youth! full well, forsooth, I know thou'rt slack at courting,
Unless t'is true, the maid in view is in herself supporting.
Romance again! my thoughts a train a train? ah yes, the *cars*, sir.
Lead me to say that great railway, you know, the C. P. R. sir,
Has started in with fervent vim, to boom this crumbling mass, sir.
Thrown down the *glove* (a pun I love, and I *gauntlet* it pass, sir)
To wealthier towns! In spite of frowns they've built a grand Hotel, sir,
And you can stake yon Erie Lake I'll bet my wad as well, sir,
For comfort, ease, attendance, fees, luxurious board, and rates, sir
The FRONTENAC wont take it back from any in the STATES, sir,
And then the view! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!! don't think me impolite, sir,
To use a most expressive boast, its fairly *out-of-sight*, sir.
To turn to sport, I'd say in short, the Programme's most alluring,
Good fun for all, short, thin, fat, tall, 'mid laughter long enduring.
There's every game that one can name, devised by fellow creature.
And certain health, a mine of wealth, is guaranteed a feature.
I ought to add a winter fad is hunting, and indeed you
Have lots of fun by line and gun, with Indian guide to lead you;
Mink, Partridge, Hare, Game everywhere, for those inclined shoot it,
And t'is, in short, a-*moose*-ing sport for those who *caribou*-t it
LORD ABERDEEN (*God save the Queen*) is here as Royal Patron.
Accompanied by his fond ally, an ideal British Matron.
Their unaffected, well directed mode of ministration
Has served to call, from one and all, unbounded admiration.
Should I write more, I'd only bore and prove myself a noodle,
So here's a toast Quebec our Host. Your nephew

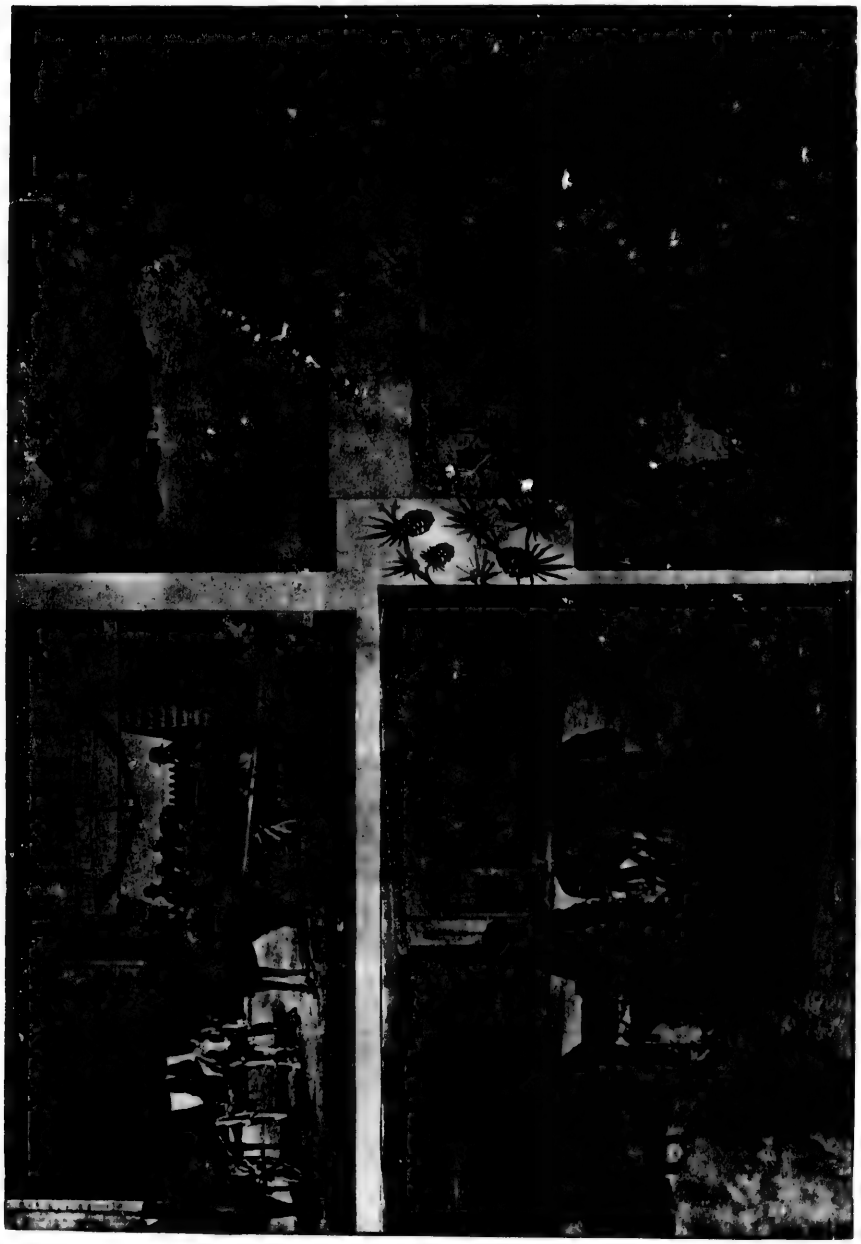
YANK. E. DOODLE.

QUEBEC, February 1st, 1894.

ICE BRIDGE.
PONT DE GLACE.
ST. LAWRENCE RIVER FROM CITADEL.
FLEUVE SAINT-LAURENT VU DE LA CITADELLE.

ENTRANCE TO CITADEL.
ENTRÉE DE LA CITADELLE.

ST. JOHNS GATE
PORTE SAINT JEAN
GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S QUARTERS (CITADEL)
QUARTIERS DU GOUVERNEUR-GÉNÉRAL (CITADELLE)



STREET SCENES IN THE ANCIENT CAPITAL

SCENES DANS LES RUES DE L'ANCIENNE CAPITALE

QUEBEC.

VOIR Québec et vivre à jamais!" s'écrie Herr-Peter Kalm, dans l'admirable roman de Kirby, le *Chien d'or*; puis, il continue: "Je contemplerais sans fatigue, toute une éternité, cet admirable panorama. . . . . Et l'adorable paysage qui se déroule sous nos yeux est digne du soleil qui se lève pour l'éclairer."

C'était un matin d'été que le savant Suédois parlait ainsi au comte de La Galissonnière, et le soleil levant faisait pleuvoir les paillettes de flamme sur l'eau verte du grand fleuve, et la brise fraiche lutinait les feuilles sombres des pins et des chênes, et presque partout encore d'immenses forêts pleines de rumeurs et de chants, déroulaient, le long des eaux, un rideau mouvant derrière lequel se cachait le mystère.

Nos hôtes, aux jours du Carnaval, ne verront pas sous cet aspect enchanteur, le panorama qui ravissait Kalm, car les forêts ont replié leurs voiles en s'éloignant, et nos campagnes se sont endormies drapées dans leur manteau de neige. Mais une autre féerie les étonnera, et le spectacle ne sera pas moins saisissant. Le roc de Stadaconé portera son éclatante couronne hibernale, et nos

tours étamés luiront comme des diamants à ses pieds battus par le flot ou sur ses pentes gracieuses. Des rives basses de la Saint-Charles où s'élève la croix de Jacques Cartier, au plateau célèbre où se décida le sort de notre patrie, comme des arbres enveloppés de feu, brilleront les clochers et les dômes de nos temples. Le fleuve profond, vaincu par l'audace et la science, verra nos bateaux intrépides passer avec tracas à travers ses menaçantes banquises. Les Laurentides feront une ceinture onduleuse et ceurée à la blancheur superbe de la Côte-Beaupré; et dans le lointain, le Cap Tourmente plongera, d'une hauteur de deux mille pieds, sa croupe bleuâtre dans les eaux noircies par son ombre.

La chûte Montmorency immobilisera, comme les cascades du pôle, les tourbillons de son onde et ses flocons d'écume, et le soleil du matin ou les étoiles du soir joueront dans ses cristaux aériens, pour en faire jaillir des gerbes de lumière.

Au pied de la chûte merveilleuse le promeneur hardi comme autrefois, sur son traineau, glissera du haut des monticules formés par le brouillard.

L'île d'Orléans avec ses bouquets de sapin au sombre feuillage, paraîtra jeter sur le fleuve, en aval, une immense barrière où les vagues et les glaces se heurtent en vain.

Lévis avec ses villages coquets, et ses falaises sombres, avec ses champs paisibles, et ses bois épais que l'œil suit loin, loin, jusqu'aux montagnes de la Beauce; Lévis mêlera son allégresse aux tressaillements du vieux promontoire de Champlain.

Les hurons de Lorette, vêtus de leurs pompeux habits de fête, descendront de leur pittoresque village vers la ville qui protégea leurs pères.

Sur les plaines d'Abraham, le monument des braves, noir dans sa draperie de bronze, au milieu de la morne et blanche solitude, dira mieux aux patriotes émus le sommeil glorieux des héros qui sont morts pour la patrie.

Et les équipages magnifiques, et les marcheurs infatigables et les *raquetteurs* alertes qui fouleront notre sol, vers le midi ou vers le nord, vers le levant ou vers le ponant, fouleront un sol illustre, sacré, béni! Illustre par des batailles héroïques, sacré par le sang des preux, béni par la prière de nos premiers saints! C'est ici que tombèrent Wolfe et Montcalm. C'est là, par cette déchirure du rocher que Montgomery tenta d'escalader les hauteurs; et c'est sur ce chemin tortueux, serré entre le fleuve et le cap, qu'il trouva la mort. C'est ici qu'enseigna Marie de l'Incarnation! C'est ici que s'agenouillèrent les apôtres et les martyrs de la Nouvelle France! La neige est un linceul étincelant jeté par le ciel sur tant de gloire et tant d'amour!

PAMPHILE LEMAY.

LE FORT DE GLACE.

COMME le Château-Frontenac, son imposant *cousin* plus solide et plus durable, le fort de glace est de style moyen-âge; c'est dans tous les détails une reproduction exacte et caractérisque de l'architecture des temps de l'antique chevalerie, où l'on érigeait des édificices qui étaient à la fois d'élégantes résidences et de puissantes forteresses. Il s'élève sur les murs des fortifications de la ville, regardant à l'ouest la grande entrée de notre superbe Palais Législatif, et, à l'est, dominant l'Esplanade, rendez-vous des enfants et des bonnes en été. Il a cent vingt pieds de longueur, est large de cinquante, et se dresse à soixante-trois pieds de hauteur, sans compter les vingt pieds de hauteur du mur de fortification sur lequel il est construit. Au sud du fort, le mur est percé de la porte Saint-Louis, qui s'ouvre sur la Grande Allée, où sont situés le Patinage de Québec, la Salle des Manœuvres, le monument élevé à la mémoire de deux nobles victimes du devoir, Short et Wallick, les terrains du Q.A.A.A. et différentes institutions de bienfaisance. Au nord se trouve la porte Kent, séparée du fort de glace par la tour de glace. Tous les environs forment un panorama plein de grandeur et de beauté, qui sera le digne cadre de la scène féerique de l'attaque du fort, lorsque deux mille hommes, comprenant les clubs de raquette de cette ville et étrangers et les soldats de la garnison, se précipiteront à l'assaut, et que les murs transparents du gracieux édifice, tout étincelants, comme incendiés par l'éclat varié des pièces pyrotechniques, des torches et des feux électriques, riposteront en lançant d'éblouissantes gerbes de rayons dans toutes les directions.

Le plan du fort a été fait par M. D. Raymond et il a été construit par MM. Cummings et Sharp.

QUEBEC.

THE City of Quebec is but the portal to a mighty wilderness, a region of chaotic mountains, of vast lakes, and rapid rivers. Savage nature reigns in undisputed sway, and the intrepid sportman who desires admittance into her kingdom must be of hardy stuff, of near kinship to the red man who still roves the bush, and is a part of it. And his reward, if he is strong of limb and quick of eye, will be many a pair of handsome antlers with which to decorate his snuggery and to exhibit to admiring friends with the oft-told tale. A few rugs will recall the encounters with bruin and ca-ca-jou. If he wields a paddle and can handle a bark canoe amidst the seething waters of heavy rapids he will become possessed of a fund of trout tales that will excite the envy and despair of less fortunate anglers.

For seven months of the year this North land is in the iron grasp of arctic winter. Snow to a depth of six or seven feet covers lake, river and mountain. At this season only is it penetrable to any distance. Mounted upon his matchless snow canoes (snow-shoes) the enthusiastic hunter may explore every part of its hidden mysteries. In early winter Caribou hunting is the favorite sport of those lovers of the chase whose stamina and perseverance enable them to stand the fatigue and hardships of a day's run after a wounded buck, or in following a trail with the certainty of a night spent in a hole dug in the snow, and the thermometer marking thirty degrees below zero. In starting from the main camp while Caribou hunting, an extra day's provisions, blanket and axe are taken, not forgetting a good stock of the comforting weed. Snow-storms will ofttimes in a few hours obliterate all signs of a snowshoe track; then woe to him who is not provided for a night in the snow.

The days are so short in the winter that it is necessary on a march to lose little time during the period of daylight. At the first streak of dawn camp must be struck and the journey commenced, scarce halting but for a moment to readjust packs or light pipes, until tired out with the heavy snowshoeing and steep mountain climbing, and warned by the lengthening shadows of the trees that night is fast approaching, a suitable place for camp is selected. It is near a warm spring that, unaffected by the cold and snow, is still open, and with plenty of good dry *chicots* about for the little tent stove, packs are unloaded and the site for the tent is well beaten down by all hands dancing around it on snowshoes. When set up, great piles of fragrant balsam branches are laid for a flooring and bedding as well. The little sheet iron stove soon heats up the little tent, and the hardships of the day are forgotten under the genial influence of its warmth and the fragrant pipe.

Caribou still roam the bush in undiminished numbers, and long after the Moose and Red Deer shall have disappeared the Caribou will hold their own. They are the most migrator of animals, with powers of endurance that a almost incredible.

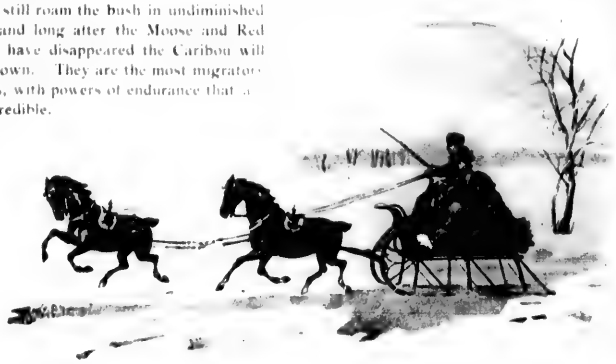
With the return of spring th scene changes. The rifle an snowshoes are exchanged for th canoe and rod, and the angle now is intent only upon adding fresh laurels to his hitherto unap proachable record. Upon th bank of some lonely river is hi camp of other summers and in the big pool nea by still lurks that one bigges trout whose capture is the drean of his life. The tent and stov have disappeared, and the bark lean-to with its great open wood fire have taken their place, and the nights now are of few hours duration. The jaded nerves are rested and strengthened in the invigorating air of these northern mountains. Trout big and little fill the lakes and rivers, and test the skill of the angler and fill his creel and his measure of contentment, and it is only when the day comes that he has to say good-bye to it all that he repines and will not be comforted.

Our American cousins are beginning to find in our Canadian bush that charm which has gone out forever from the Adirondack wilderness. The Quebec Government is making long leases of vast tracts to clubs organized for legitimate sporting purposes; and already dozens of such clubs are in existence, and comfortable club houses are to be found on the edges of these preserves along the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway.

G. M. FAIRCHILD, SR.

THE ICE FORT.

THE Ice Fort, like its more substantial and durable cousin, the Chateau Frontenac, is of mediæval design and reproduces in all the characteristic details the later style of the architectur of the old barons of chivalry, at once a



gant residence and a strong-
old of defence. It is erected
on the fortification
walls of the city,
forming the main en-
trance of the beau-
tiful and
imposing
Parliament
buildings
on the west,
and over-
looking the
Esplanade,
dear to
nurses and
children, on
the east. It
is 120 feet
in length, 50 feet in
width, and 63 feet in
height, to which the
height of the fortification wall on which it is constructed lends an additional twenty feet. On the south side the fortifications are pierced by the St. Louis Gate leading to the Grande Allée, on which the rink of the Quebec Skating Club, the Drill Shed, the monument to Messrs. Short and Wallack, the grounds of the Q.A.A.A. and different charitable institutions are situated; and on the north by the Kent Gate, between which and the Ice Fort rises the Ice Tower. All the surroundings are imposing and in harmony with the scene when two thousand men, made up out of the local and visiting Snowshoe Clubs, and the soldiers in garrison, participated in the attack of this stately edifice, beautiful alike in design and in material, whose opalescent hues varied in the daylight with each passing cloud, and at night glowed with the electric fires, or responded to the angry glare of torches and the meteor showers of the rushing rockets. The fort was designed by Mr. T. Raymond and constructed by Messrs. Cummings & Sharp.

QUEBEC IN WINTER.

At the first blast of winter's herald from the north, that preludes the coming cold and storm, Quebec awakens into a new life. Dull care is shaken off and the people abandon themselves to a season of out and in-door pleasure. Over the vast horizon of valley, islands and mountains, the arctic sun plays in dazzling brilliancy upon the snowy mantle that envelopes them. Sunsets, that rival in glory of color a Turner masterpiece, flood the heavens, and crown the spires and roofs with burnished gold, and the angelus ringing loud and clear as the frosty night ushers from out of the northern dome the arctic dancers, in panoply of heavenly light. In ever changing weirdness of form, and of matchless beauty, they dance the night away, and no that has ever witnessed these northern dances in all their glory but has been enraptured with the wonderful phenomena.

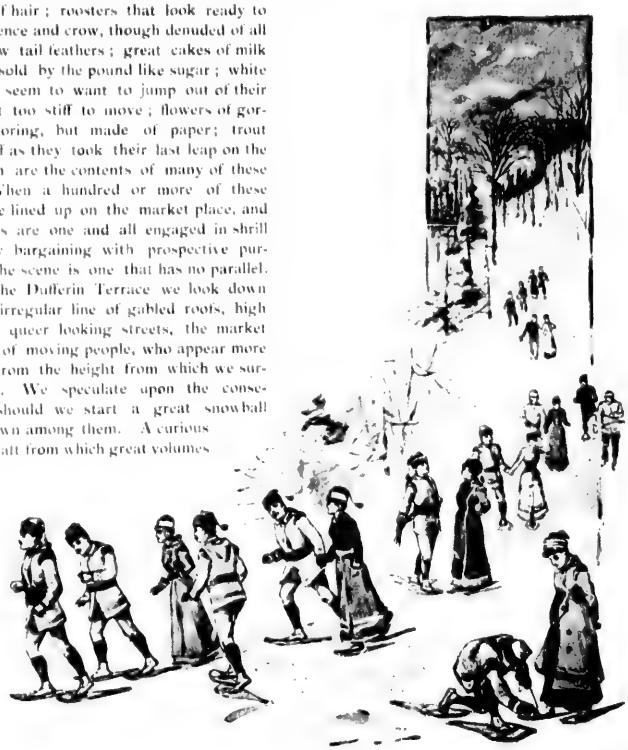
The river St. Lawrence becomes an embryotic sea of drifting ice-floes and miniature bergs crushing and grinding their way to the gulf. Man's barriers against his neighbors have disappeared in the white plain, and nature has erected a more impassable one. The streets of the city take on a new appearance. Throngs of people clad in garments of fur and bearing strong resemblance to bipeds of extinct species go hurrying by. Carioles, bright as red paint can make them, with showy robes hanging over the back, horses bedecked with gay ribbons and silvery bells, dash along with their loads of handsome women, and rosy checked cherubs much done up in fur. Pretty girls in all the attractiveness of snowshoe costume, their dainty little feet encased in neatly fitting moccasins, snowshoes slung over their shoulders are off for a tramp across country. No wonder that the Americans want to annex Canada, and we do not object to this if done individually. Young Quebec, all bundled in fleecy wool, is rolling about in the snow with as much comfort as though in autumn leaves, and having a very jolly time of it from all indications. Carters in long fur coats that reach above their ears and down to their heels, with many a *marche donc*, slip by with gay loads of furry humanity.

Long lines of those curious winter craft, the *berline*, much affected by the *habitant*, and in which he brings his produce to market, are winding their way to the market square, with loads curious to the eyes of a stranger; pigs dressed and frozen, but standing bolt upright and looking as natural as in life, but for the absence of hair; roosters that look ready to mount a fence and crow, though denuded of all save a few tail feathers; great cakes of milk which is sold by the pound like sugar; white hares that seem to want to jump out of their skins, but too stiff to move; flowers of gorgeous coloring, but made of paper; trout frozen stiff as they took their last leap on the ice. Such are the contents of many of these loads. When a hundred or more of these sleighs are lined up on the market place, and the owners are one and all engaged in shrill and noisy bargaining with prospective purchasers, the scene is one that has no parallel.

From the Dufferin Terrace we look down upon an irregular line of gabled roofs, high chimneys, queer looking streets, the market place full of moving people, who appear more like ants from the height from which we survey them. We speculate upon the consequences should we start a great snowball rolling down among them. A curious looking craft from which great volumes of smoke are emitted is butting her nose against the ice-floes in a desperate struggle to force a passage to the Point Levis shore. Mountains piled in utmost confusion, a valley of surpassing beauty, complete a panorama on which, we are never tired of gazing.

At night under the brilliant glare of the electric lights the city looks like the enchanted play ground of elfs and fairies. Processions of snowshoers singing club songs are wending their way to some club rendez-vous. The various hills are alive with active and jolly tobogganers. From the Citadel comes the clear call of the bugler of "lights out," and a solitary report from the big gun.

A great storm of drifting snow comes out of the East, and like a city of the dead all sounds are hushed, the streets are abandoned, and great drifts settle before the houses and pile up around the corners. If you have courage enough to face the whirling snow, to conquer the drifts, you will find many hospitable doors fly open to your magic "open sesame" and the scene will change with the same magic celerity. Friendly hands denude you of wraps, and you are ushered into a room full of warmth and good company, and right merrily do you enter into the harmless fun that prevails until all thought of the storm that rages without is forgotten in the comfort and cheer within. A hospitality of a warmth that forbids the entrance of cold is one of the characteristics of Quebec.



QUEBEC RESIDENCES IN SUMMER.

Wm. Lee. C. R. L. Richards.
Alphonse Charlesworth.

QUELQUES RESIDENCES QUEBECOISES EN ETE

Hon. D. A. Ross. R. H. Smith.
L. J. Cushman. John Brady.
T. Bennett. Mrs. A. Laurie.

QUEBEC RESIDENCES IN WINTER. QUELQUES RÉSIDENCES QUÉBECOISES EN HIVER.

R. Bird. — C. Coombs. — L. N. Disse[illegible]. — T. E. Angers. — J. H. Ogilvie.

J. E. LIVERNOIS, PHOTO.

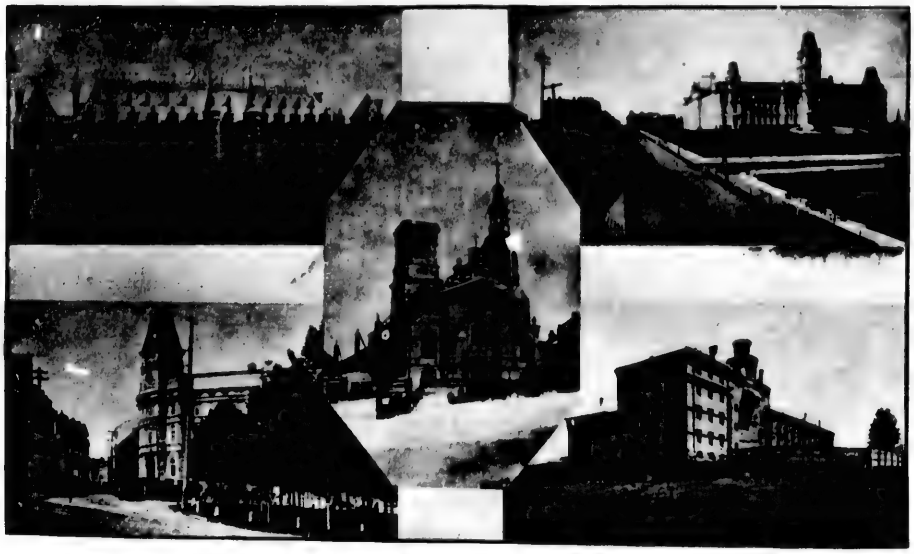
Ls. Bilodeau's Block. — S. N. Parent. — Hon. Joseph Shehyn. — B. Verret. — Hon. Frs. Langelier.
Mme. Veuve Nazaire Turcotte. — The Right Rev. Lord Bishop Dunn. — Ernest Pacaud. — Dr. Verge. — Antoine Painchaud.

CHURCH AND STATE

His Honor L. A. Chapleau, Q.C., Lt. Governor Province of Quebec.
L'hon. L. A. Chapleau, C.R., Lieutenant Gouverneur de la Province de Quebec.
His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau.
Son Eminence le cardinal Taschereau.
The Right Reverend Lord Bishop Dunn.
Monseigneur l'evêque Dunn.

LEGISLATURE.

Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbiniere, President Legislative Council.
L'hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbiniere, President du Conseil Executif.
His Worship J. Lemieux, Mayor of the City of Quebec.
M. J. Lemieux, maire de Quebec.



QUEBEC PUBLIC BUILDINGS

Drill Hall
Salle Servant aux Exercises Militaires.

Court House
Palais de Justice

Basilica.
Basilique.

EDIFICES PUBLICS DE QUEBEC

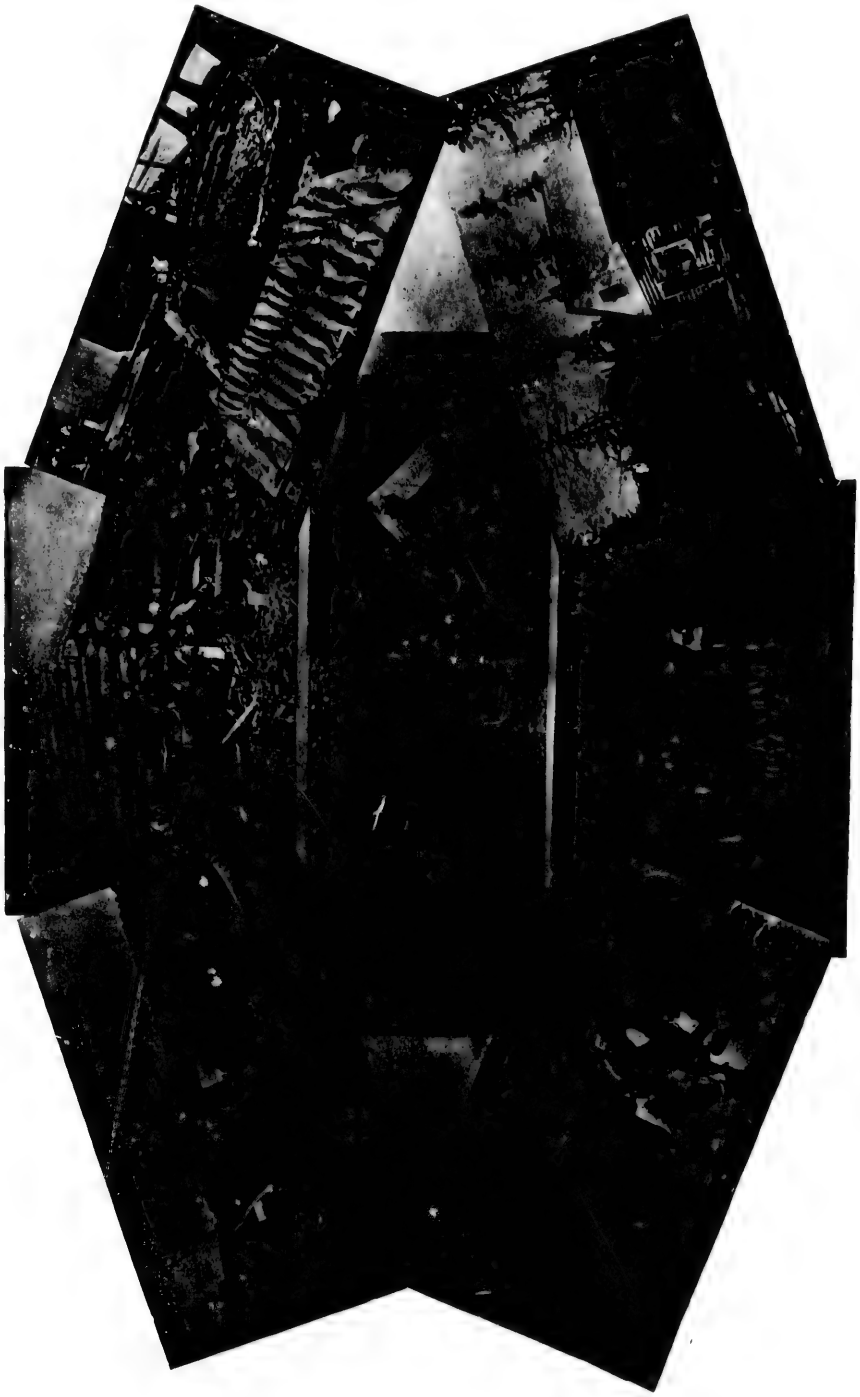
J. E. LIVERMORE, PHOTO.

Parliament Buildings.
Parlement

The Gaol.
Prison.

WINTER COSTUMES COSTUMES D'HIVER.

GROUP OF QUEBEC CURLERS GROUPE DE CURLEURS QUEBECOIS.



SUMMER SCENES IN THE WOODS

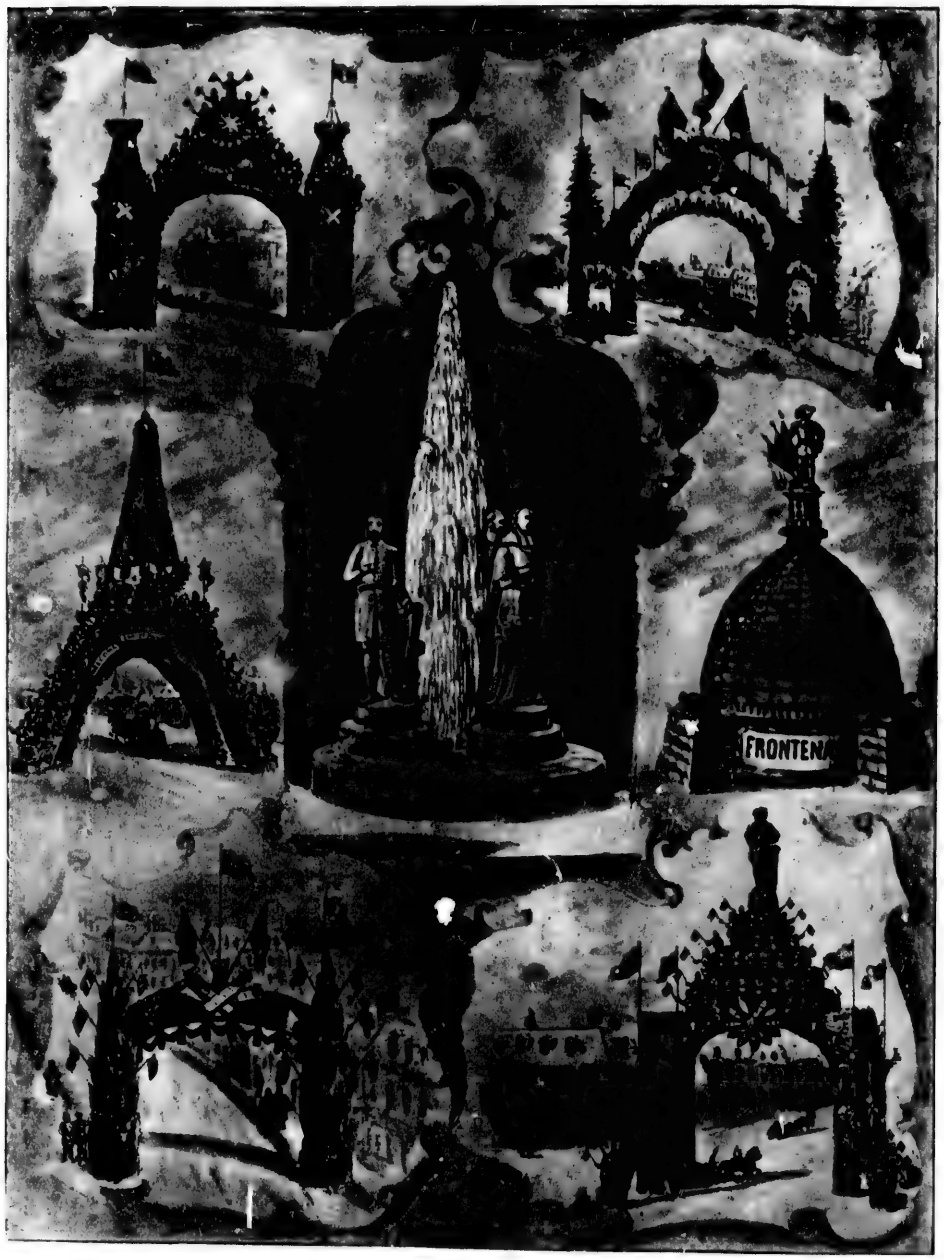
DANS LES BOIS EN ÉTÉ

J. E. LIVERNOIS, PHOTO

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE QUEBEC WINTER CARNIVAL.

1. Hon. J. P. Pelletier, Vice President
2. Richard Turner, " "
3. J. U. Gregory, " "
4. J. B. Laliberte, " "
5. J. H. Holt, " "
6. Eric Horton, Sec.
7. John C. More, Treas.
8. Capt. W. Ray.
9. Roger Larue.
10. M. Foley, Jr.
11. A. Lavigne.
12. E. T. Nesbitt.
13. L. S. Joncas.
14. F. X. Berlinguet.
15. Lt. C. J. Wilson.
16. Geo. Van. Felson.
17. G. M. Fairchild, Jr.
18. Edson Fitch.
19. Capt. Chas. J. Dunn.
20. N. I. Power.
21. R. R. Dobell.

COMITE EXECUTIF DU CARNAVAL DE QUEBEC.

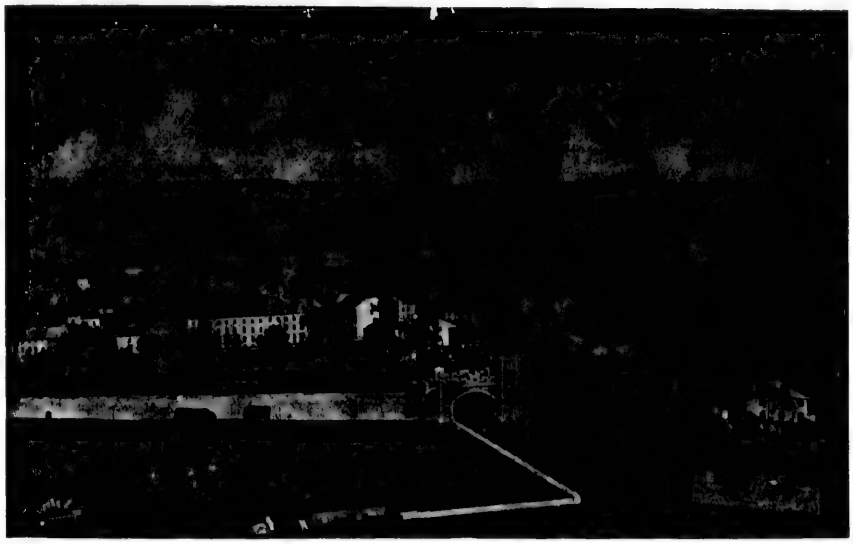


ICE STATUES. STATUES DE GLACE

Living Arch, St. John St.
Little Tower Arch, Palace St.
Arch, Mountain Hill.

Champlain, Mgr. Laval & Rev. Père Brebeuf

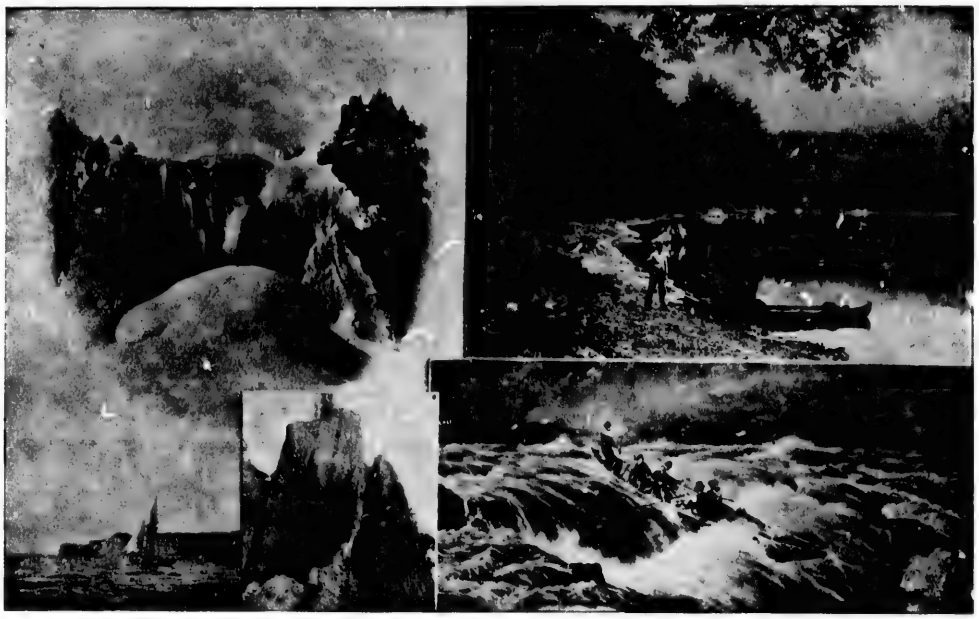
Boulevard
Frontenac Statue
Living Arch, cor. Joseph and Crown Sts.,
with Jacques Cartier Statue.

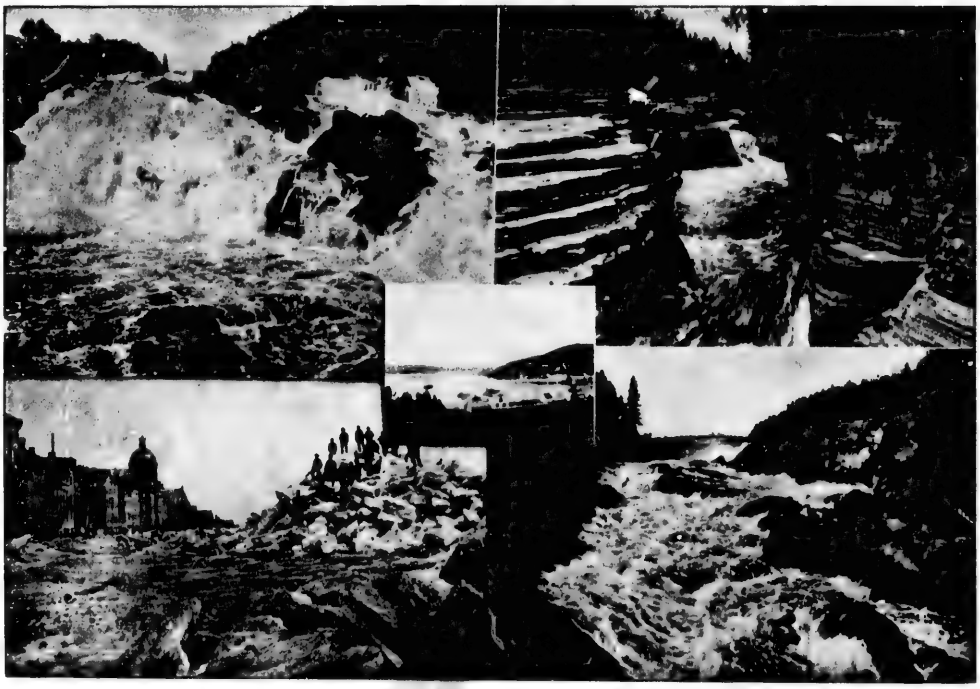


CITY OF QUEBEC FROM PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS. QUEBEC VU DU PARLEMENT.

G. W. PATTERSON PHOTO.

HUNTING IN LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT. [illegible]SE DANS LA RÉGION DU LAC SAINT-JEAN.





GEMS OF CANADIAN SCENERY. QUELQUES BEAUX PAYSAGES CANADIENS

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OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

QUEBEC WINTER CARNIVAL.

First Day—Monday, 29th January.

9 a.m.—Opening of the Curling Bonspiel in the Quebec Skating Rink; open to the world (iron and granite) for valuable trophies and medals, continuing all day and evening. Final competitions to be played off during the week on rinks of local clubs. Slides all opened.
2.30 p.m.—Formal opening of the Ice Fort by His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, and unveiling of the Historical Ice Statues.
3 p.m.—Opening of the Bowling Tournament at the St. Roch's Athletic Association Club House.
5 p.m.—Tea at the Quebec Skating Rink.
8 p.m.—Pyrotechnic Display at Levis, opposite Quebec—Illumination of the Citadel heights and the Dufferin Terrace.
8.30 p.m.—Opening of the Aberdeen Slide on the Q.A.A.A. grounds and Cove Fields Slides, with illumination.

Second Day—Tuesday, 30th January.

10 a.m.—Curling, bowling and sliding.
11 a.m.—Band and dancing on skates at the Quebec Skating Rink.
2 p.m.—Tandem Club drive, in which citizens or visitors driving a four-in-hand or a tandem are invited to join.
3 p.m.—Three and ten miles skating race (championship of Canada), on the Aberdeen Rink, Q.A.A.A. grounds, and Lacrosse match on skates. Bicycle races, on ice. Two mile Championship Skating Race. 220 yards dash. Prizes.
8 p.m.—Fancy Dress Masquerade at the Quebec Skating Rink, Vocal Lancers, Waltzing on Skates. Band in attendance.

Third Day—Wednesday, 31st January.

10 a.m.—Skating and Bowling—All slides open—Continuation of Curling Bonspiel.
2 p.m.—Royal Canadian Artillery Military Sports on Snowshoes, Q.A.A.A. grounds.
3.30 p.m.—Band and Skating at the Quebec Skating Rink.
5 p.m.—Tea at the Quebec Skating Rink.
8 p.m.—Tug-of-war contest at the Drill Hall, open to teams of six men from the various organized Snowshoe Clubs in Canada and the United States, for a valuable trophy—Final pull in Tug-of-war on Thursday evening.
8 p.m.—Skating races and games at the Quebec Skating Rink. Snowshoe race—Obstacle race—Hurdle race—One-mile race—Backwards race—Dash, boys under 15 years of age—Two-mile race.
9.30 p.m.—Citizens' Ball offered to His Excellency the Governor-General in the Parliament Buildings.
Sliding and Skating at Aberdeen Rink.

Fourth Day—Thursday, 1st February.

9 a.m.—Grand military review of troops in Winter accoutrements and on snowshoes to be held on the historic Plains of Abraham.
10 a.m.—Bowling, curling and skating at all Rinks.
11 a.m.—Canoe races on the River St. Lawrence, through floating ice, from Point Levis to Quebec. Prizes.
1.30 p.m.—Grand Carnival drive through the principal streets of the city, introducing all sorts of allegorical cars, manned by the different Snowshoe, Athletic and other Clubs, Military, and the Huron and Montagnais tribes of Indians.
4 p.m.—Skating and Band at the Quebec Skating Rink.
8 p.m.—Monster concert in the Drill Hall, in which the different Snowshoe Clubs will take part. Final pull in Tug-of-war.
8.15 p.m.—Hockey match at the Quebec Skating Rink—Slides all opened.
8.30 p.m.—Fancy Dress Masquerade at the Palais Rink.

Fifth Day—Friday, 2nd February.

10 a.m.—Fancy skating competition for the championship of Canada, at the Quebec Skating Rink. Bowling, sliding and curling.
11 a.m.—Hockey match in the Quebec Skating Rink.
2.30 p.m.—Grand open snowshoe steeple-chase, from Bannockburn Lodge (St. Foye Road) to Parliament square, for individual and one valuable team prize (teams of 3 men); distance about two miles.
4 p.m.—Children's fancy dress masquerade, at the Quebec Skating Rink. Band in attendance.
8 p.m.—Attack and defence of the Ice Fort by the combined Snowshoe Clubs, Military, and the Huron and Montagnais tribes of Indians, with grand pyrotechnic display, to be followed by a torchlight procession through the principal streets of the city. Pyrotechnic display on Boulevard Langelier during procession of Snowshoe Clubs. Tobogganing and skating.

Sixth Day—Saturday, 3rd February.

10 a.m.—Skating, bowling and curling competitions.
11 a.m.—Hockey match at the Quebec Skating Rink.
2.30 p.m.—Championship snowshoe races at the Q.A.A.A. grounds. Tandem drive.
4 p.m.—Hockey match at the Quebec Skating Rink.
8 p.m.—Championship hockey match at the Quebec Skating Rink. Skating and sliding on the Aberdeen Rink and slides.
Nightly illumination of Ice Fortress.

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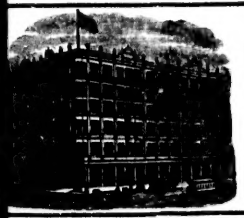

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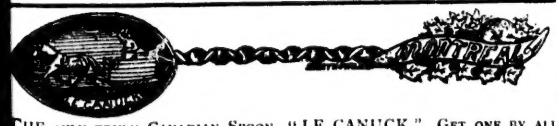

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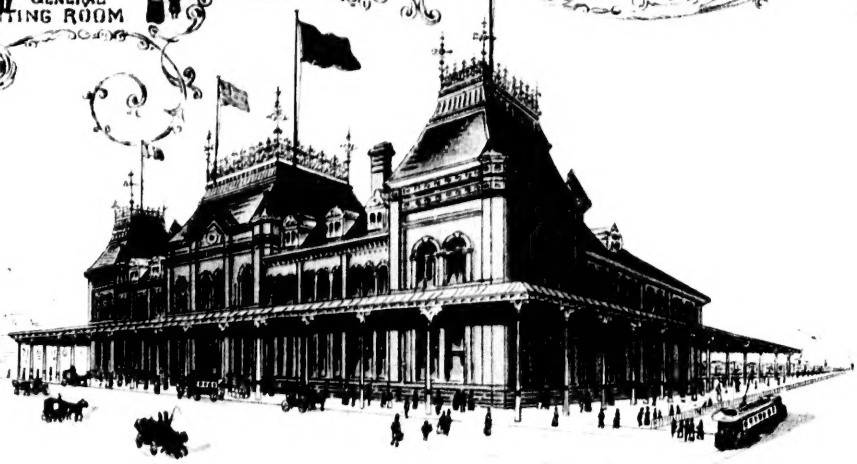

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